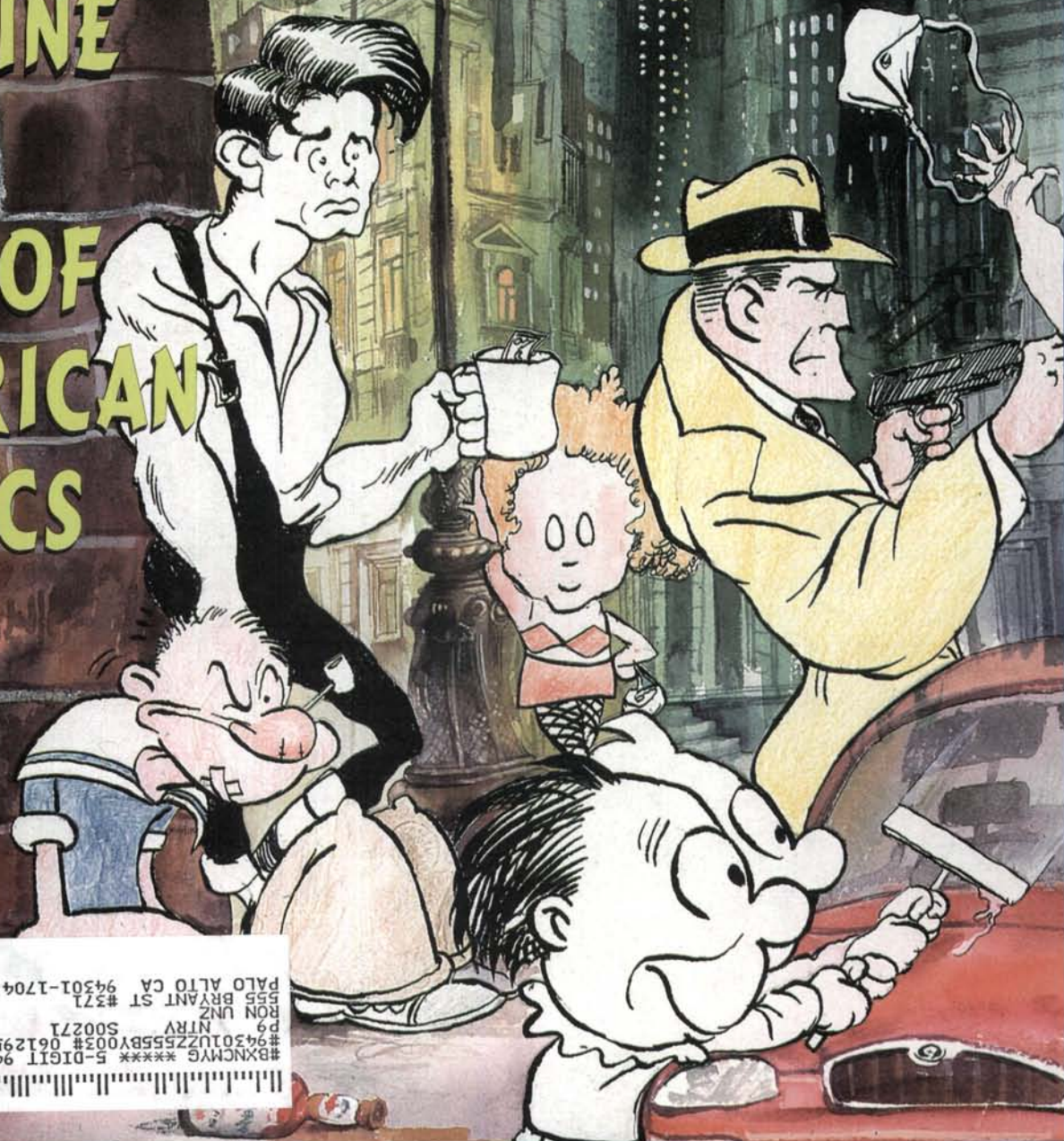


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Andrew Ferguson on the Aging Stones ■ John Simon on Forrest Gump

NATIONAL REVIEW

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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Defending Kemp

Having read David Frum's article, "Happy Warrior" [Aug. 1] I am inclined to believe he is suffering from a little recognized but often contracted disease called Yale Cynicism. Having taught troubled, incarcerated, or drug-abusing youth in Connecticut I can tell you there is a real yearning for sincere hope, not the addiction of federal bureaucracies. Mr. Kemp's emphasis is not just on empowering individuals, but on believing in their innate abilities and providing real opportunities to establish property rights and eventual economic independence.

Serge G. Mihaly Jr.
Seymour, Conn.

I was very disturbed by a sentence in David Frum's "Happy Warrior." Frum says "Kemp never appears to wonder whether the ultimate cause of the troubles of black people might not be black people themselves . . ." Does this imply that behavior is a function of skin color? I would certainly hope not. I can't imagine NATIONAL REVIEW would have published an author who wrote "Doe never appears to wonder whether the ultimate cause of the troubles of Jews might not be Jews themselves . . ." Perhaps NR will give Mr. Frum the opportunity to clarify a comment that I and many other readers may have misconstrued.

Rodney L. Whitlock
Athens, Ga.

Serge Mihaly, who lived across the hall from me in senior year, warns against Yale Cynicism. Fair enough. But is it really good enough to say that Jack Kemp's ideas are inspiring, without going on to ask whether they are true?

In reply to Rodney Whitlock's letter, I certainly did not mean to suggest that behavior is a function of skin color. My point was that Jack Kemp's great strength and great weakness is his insistence on assigning the blame for social problems to government programs, never to the characters of individual people. —DF

No Evidence

Regarding the Anti-Defamation League's new report on the Religious Right ["The Week," Aug. 1], you charge that ADL

"stretches for anything to cast the Religious Right in a bad light," apparently for partisan ends. The two examples you cite, though (out of a 193-page report), don't make the point.

First, you fault the ADL for failing to state expressly that Robert Novak's take on Paul Weyrich—"so tough he gets hate mail from Mother Teresa"—is a joke. We knew, and believed readers would as well, that Weyrich doesn't really get hate mail from Mother Teresa. Of more moment, you ignore the entire body of concerns we elucidate in the report's section on Weyrich.

Second, you state that we try to tar Focus on the Family's James Dobson as "a fanatic on abortion" by noting that he has allowed his writings to be reprinted by *Life Advocate*, a magazine that publishes articles both supporting and opposing the murder of abortion doctors.

You do not note, though the ADL's report does, that *Life Advocate* has called Michael Griffin, the killer of David Gunn, a "hero." Or that the magazine's publisher said of *Life Advocate* subscriber Rochelle Shannon, after her attempted murder of Dr. George Tiller, "I certainly support Shelley. It was a courageous act."

In trivializing the report through a pair of poorly argued examples—and suggesting, without evidence, that the report is a partisan effort—NATIONAL REVIEW avoids engaging the serious issues posed by the Religious Right.

David H. Strassler
National Chairman
Anti-Defamation League
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Strassler's defense of the James Dobson reference illustrates NR's point nicely. It wasn't Mr. Dobson who called David Gunn a "hero" or praised Rochelle Shannon. But the ADL report implies—unfairly—that he somehow must share Life Advocate's views because three of his articles (none of which advocated violence) appeared in its pages. (Can we assume that Mr. Strassler, who, as the ADL report might say, has now allowed one of his letters to appear in a magazine that has published articles both for and against drug legalization, favors legalizing drugs?) The point of the tenuous con-

nection is obviously, as we said, to tar Mr. Dobson as a fanatic.

As for Paul Weyrich, we're sorry Mr. Strassler doesn't see any difference between a remark made at a roast—the whole point of which is to make exaggerated and derogatory comments about the honoree—and one made, say, in a newspaper column. But Mr. Strassler is right about one thing: we didn't delve into the rest of the section about Mr. Weyrich, which, it turns out, includes other scurrilous insinuations. Mr. Weyrich is faulted, among other things, for placing a book with a publisher owned by a Holocaust revisionist (in fact, the company had changed hands after the revisionist died); and also for publishing a pamphlet by a man who—unbeknownst to him, says Weyrich—had been employed eight years before by an anti-Semitic group.

It is worth noting that a group of about 75 prominent Jews placed an ad in the New York Times August 2 condemning the ADL report for using "such discreditable techniques as insinuation and guilt by association."

As we wrote before, the ADL has dredged up some genuinely intemperate and ill-considered remarks by a few figures on the Religious Right—but not enough to fill "a 193-page report." —ED.

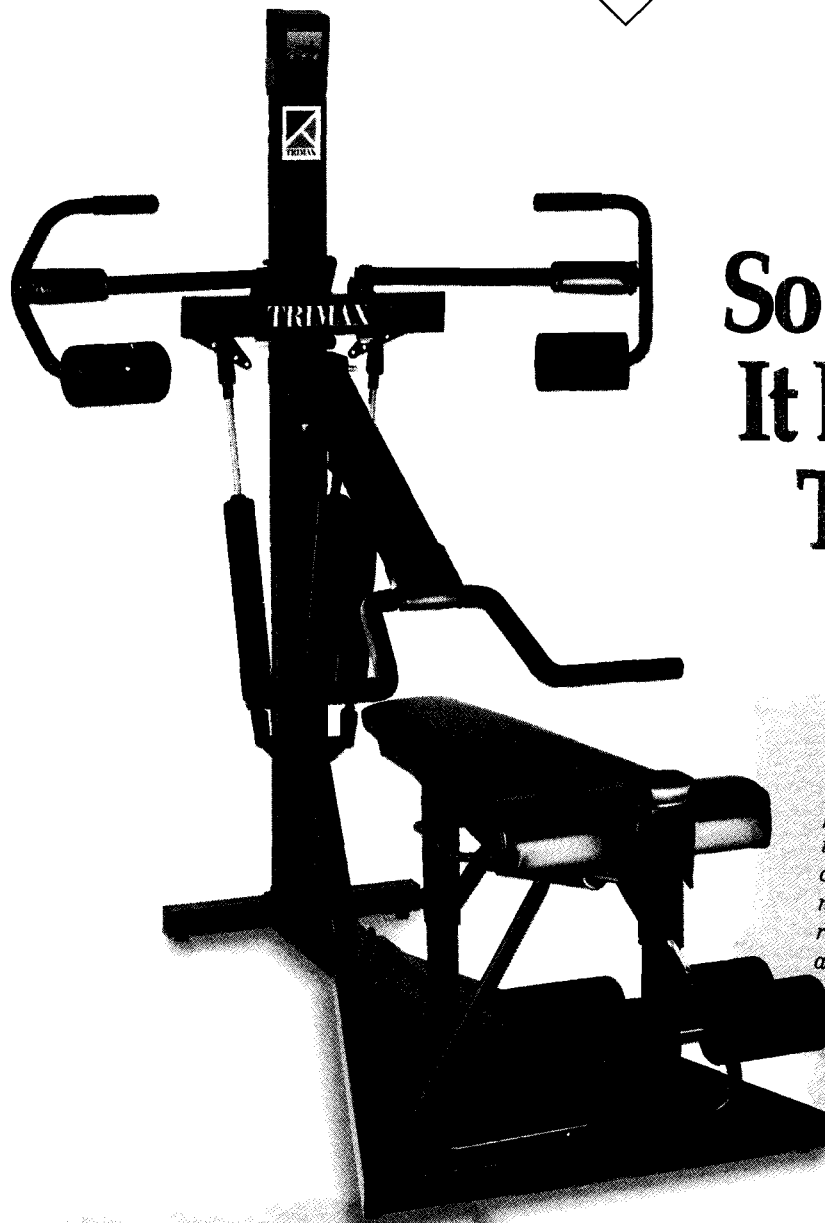
Losing the Cold War

I was extremely pleased to read Eric Breindel's comments on Pavel Sudoplatov's memoirs *Special Tasks* ["The Openheimer File," May 30]. So far, public response to the book has been quite bewildering, with the intellectual Left and Right united in outrage. While one can understand the motives of the former, the willingness of the latter to jump on the bandwagon is puzzling.

True, we have every reason to detest figures such as General Sudoplatov, and we would prefer to read their testimonies in an international tribunal rather than in a well-paid memoir. But, let's face it: we did not win the Cold War, and therefore we did not win an opportunity to see them in the dock.

True again, being an old man, Pavel Sudoplatov does confuse some details. That, however, does not make the other statements in the book any more suspect than the statements made by any other elderly person. As always with such publications, we must verify them.

I have no doubt that the Soviets had sources among the top figures of the Manhattan Project besides exposed agents like Klaus Fuchs. The evidence for this is circumstantial, yet compelling. When working in the now closed archives



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of the Central Committee in 1992, I tried to find out why the late Andrei Sakharov was so persistently denied the right to travel abroad. Was his alleged possession of state secrets just a pretext? After all, Sakharov had no access to secrets after 1968, and whatever he knew prior to that date could not possibly have remained a secret by the mid Eighties.

What I came across was much more enigmatic. Discussing the request by his wife, Elena Bonner, to be allowed to travel abroad for medical treatment in 1986, the entire Politburo (chaired by Gorbachev) concurred that Sakharov himself could not join her because, as the then KGB Chief Chebrikov put it, "Sakharov knows in detail the entire path of our nuclear weapons' development."

Now, can anyone tell me what was so secret in the *history* of the Soviet nuclear project that it still remained a secret forty years later? So secret, moreover, that even Gorbachev's Politburo colleagues, eager as they were to impress the West with their liberal intentions, were prepared to tarnish their image by an inexplicable ban on foreign travel for one of their most famous citizens? This affable, not to say meek, man, who never bothered to resist the attempts of the Western Left to adopt him for their various causes, would strongly object to—and even become angry at—any suggested similarity between himself and Mr. Oppenheimer. "I am much more like Edward Teller," he insisted.

Needless to say, I do not expect this to change the Left's attitude; on the contrary, I am sure that no amount of evidence could sway them, even if we were to resurrect Stalin himself and make him testify. For them any document is a forgery if it contradicts their legend. Frankly, I have more respect for people like Oppenheimer and Fermi (who at least believed in what they were doing and were prepared to risk their lives for their beliefs) than for those who "defend" them today out of fear for their own position of prestige and power. The difference between the two is, in my view, as significant as that between the revolutionaries of the Czarist time, and the *nomenklatura* of the Brezhnev era: while the former committed *crimes passionnels*, the latter were just cold-blooded profiteers.

But I do expect the conservatives to think twice before joining ranks with their yet undefeated enemies of the Cold War. Sudoplatov's book gives us the ground to say what should have been said long ago: regrettable as it may have been in its tone, the anti-Communist campaign of the late Forties and early Fifties was more than justified in its sub-

stance. The screams of the Left about the injustices of "McCarthyism" were but a smokescreen to allow them to continue treasonable activity with impunity. While being a Marxist became quite a fashionable and even safe "rebellion," being an anti-Communist was a social stigma. In the final analysis, is that not why we failed to win the Cold War?

Vladimir Bukovsky
Cambridge, England

I am grateful to Mr. Bukovsky for his kind words about my article on Sudoplatov. I believe he will find the second installment, in this issue, equally to his taste and perhaps even more unsettling to the Left.

—EB

Suffer the Consequences

Wesley Smith's article, "Jailhouse Blues" [June 13], establishes two critical points about the prison crisis in America:

1. Prisoners have no incentive to cease filing suits concerning the conditions of their incarceration.

2. Federal judges have no incentive to cease their interventions into state penal systems.

While reforms to limit jurisdiction and remedies are worthy of enactment, they do not reach to the heart of the matter: Federal judges do not live where "early releasees" will reside.

What systematic change might afford these insulated judges a change of perspective? Federal judges have long been enthralled with "busing." Perhaps it is time to integrate newly released prisoners with the defenders of their civil rights—by busing. Imagine federal judges when a daily busload of newly released prisoners is discharged right in front of their houses. They and their families can enjoy the company of those whose civil rights they were so ready to protect. Let the irresponsible live with



"No pedigree, but the best darned watchdog . . ."

the full consequences of their irresponsibility.

As for prisoners, what about an extra five years, nonparolable, for the crime of filing a frivolous civil rights petition?

A. Christian Lanier III
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Benefits, Not Rights

"Wait Till Next Year?" by Rich Lowry [July 11] reminded me of a television interview with Hillary Clinton in which she stated that Americans have traditionally received health care through their employers. This isn't true. My father, along with a few others, started this movement in the 1940s when he was the Wage and Salary Administrator for the Owens-Illinois Glass Company in Toledo, Ohio. As an executive compensation specialist he reasoned that key executives could be retained through rewards such as pensions, bonuses, profit sharing, and health care. It has only been in the last few decades that this benefit has trickled down to the rank and file.

The only function of business is to create and sell an item or a service at a profit. It isn't a function of business to be a parent to its employees. Business patriarchies are taking us by quiet inches toward a system of enslavement in which employees are trapped. Why doesn't the Republican Party get back to its roots and fight against federal laws that turn employers into slave owners?

Lou Anne Hoge Mills
Toledo, Ohio

Feminists in Training Bras

Reading Christina Hoff Sommers's "Figuring Out Feminism" [June 27] reminded me of a local private school for girls.

The two co-principals believe their curriculum will help young women enhance their "sense of self" by encouraging "non-competitive learning." Parents are questioned on their attitudes toward specific social issues before their daughters are admitted. One girl was rejected because her father was troubled by his sister's lesbianism.

These feminists in training bras are taught a completely "women centered" curriculum. This involves the subject of "Herstory" instead of History. (The educators apparently do not know that the word "history" has nothing to do with males. It comes from the Greek word *histor*, "knowing.")

One grade-eight student said, "Hopefully, one day, the whole world will be like this school." I wouldn't be in the least surprised.

David Maharaj
Toronto, Ont.

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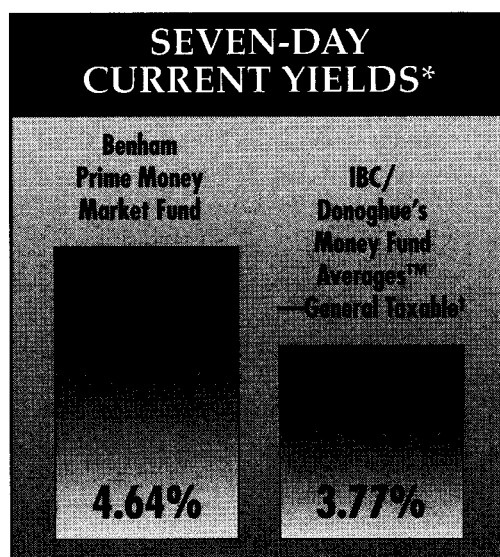
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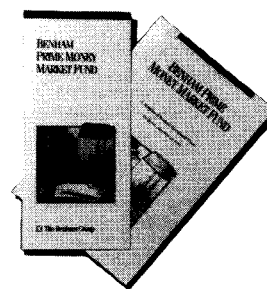
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FROM THE EDITOR

Foreign Models: Part Deux

■ Like an adolescent girl on holiday, the radical Left is always falling in love with some unsuitable foreigner: Stalin, Mao, Castro, the Sandinistas. Only the death of Kim Il Sung has, one feels, saved readers of *The Nation* from the folly of a December–December romance. Equally cruel, however, have been the disappointments suffered by liberals in their pursuit of foreign models for health care.

The British Health Service—long a favorite with single-payer enthusiasts—was discarded even before Mrs. Clinton launched her think-in. Not only were its shortcomings well known (e.g., long waiting lists for operations), but its statism was too blatant. It is openly run by an Olympian Minister for Health (generally a harassed fellow desperately trying to give up smoking), whereas they wanted the Federal Government to run an ostensibly private system by remote control.

Hence the fashion for Canada's single-payer system with private hospitals and doctors. But when Canadians started arriving in the U.S. because they had waited months for an operation or new medical technology, that model faltered too.

So the Democrats had to find something new. The German model seemed to have everything: 1) universal coverage, 2) cost control, 3) ready access to the full range of medical treatments.

Except for the last. As our report on page 29 shows, the German system increasingly rations the kind of care patients receive.

These disappointments are inevitable. If you have 1) plus 3), costs rise uncontrollably. If you have 2) plus 3), you have to set prices that exclude some patients. And if you have 1) plus 2), you must restrict the treatment available—as *all* foreign models do.

Of course, the radical Left claims Castro's Cuba has excellent health services. But when did someone last fly to Cuba for an operation?

■ In the 1970s, I was fortunate to be

the journalistic collaborator of P. T. (now Lord) Bauer, the great critic of foreign aid. Our collaboration was for me an entertaining education in economics generally and the follies of "development economics" in particular. Peter's annoyance at these was usually expressed in sweet-sour tones of Hungarian irony; but one topic always moved him to undisguised indignation. It was, he said, a scandal that aid was lavished on Tanzania's authoritarian "socialist experiment" in the face of vast evidence that it had wrought human catastrophe. Why? Tanzania's Julius Nyerere had apparently dazzled the impressionable World Bank president, Robert McNamara, "a kid who has never stopped whizzing."

Last week a World Bank report, leaked to the *Financial Times*, confirmed Peter's criticism in every respect, including Mr. McNamara's culpability. (Grim details in *The Week*.)

It would be fitting if Peter, having been proved right *contra mundum* (or *contra* World Bank anyway), were to receive the Nobel Prize his achievements have long deserved. And Mr. McNamara? How about five years in a Trappist monastery (with occasional parole for the other Trappists)?

■ Challenging Grady's Law ("No politician known by his initials is good for the country"), my summer colleague Ramesh Ponnuru asks: "How about a politician known by the initials of his nickname? Martin Van Buren was dubbed 'Old Kinderhook,' from which the phrase 'OK' may derive. Van Buren was a tireless crusader for the project of removing government support of the inflationary banking system. He thus helped stave off the curse of central banking for almost a century.

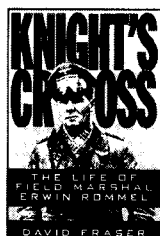
"Alas, he also helped found the Democratic Party, which since 1896 has strayed somewhat. But in life he was pretty good for the country, OK?"

Rules traditionally bar entries from staff. Mr. Ponnuru wins anyway. There is no prize. — JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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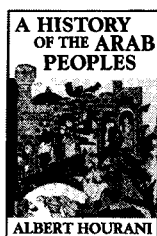
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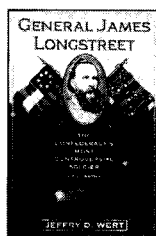
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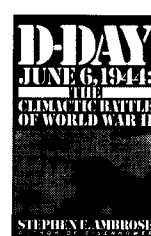
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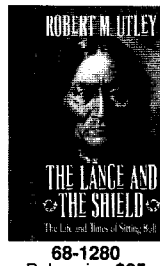
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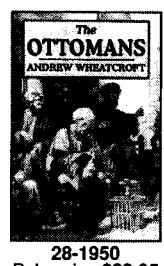
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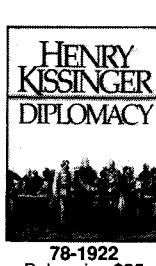
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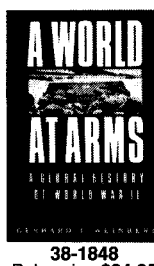
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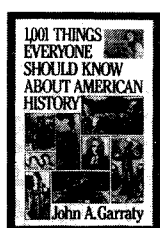
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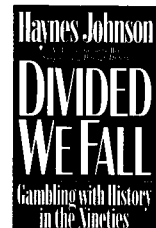
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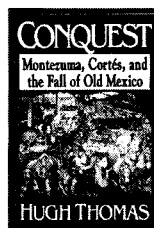
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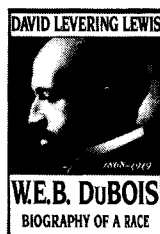
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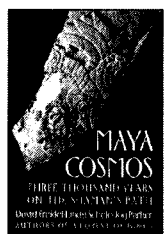
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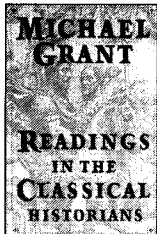
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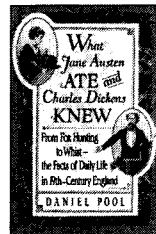
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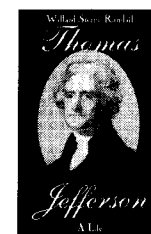
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■ Only 37 per cent of Americans, according to *L.A. Times* poll would vote to re-elect **Bill Clinton**; 50 per cent are opposed—a 10-point increase since January. Biggest surprise is **Field Poll's** 48 per cent "no" on re-election in California, which Prez has visited frequently and lavished federal aid on as key to '96 campaign. *U.S. News* and CBS's **Rita Braver** report White House advisors feel part of the problem is Clinton's overexposure; they will cut back his TV appearances. . . . Numbers game also working to congressional GOP's benefit for November elections. *Roll Call* sees Republicans in Senate "posing major threat to at least 4 Democratic incumbents and 6 open seats Democrats now control, [but] opportunities against Republicans are proving harder to identify." Conservative stalwart Sen. **Connie Mack** (R., Fla.), who won squeaker in '88, now garnering 60 per cent support for re-election. Pro-life GOP Senate candidates doing well: Missouri's former Gov. **John Ashcroft**, hoping to replace retiring GOP Sen. **John Danforth**. And Ohio Lt. Gov. **Michael De Wine** leads Democrat **Joel Hyatt** for seat of departing Sen. **Howard Metzenbaum** (D.). . . . In gubernatorial races, tax-cutters doing well. Gov. **William Weld** (R., Mass.) is running at 60 per cent, and Gov. **John Engler** (R., Mich.)—targeted by liberal education lobby—enjoying 10-point lead over nearest Democratic competitor. Two unexpected bright spots: Rep. **Don Sundquist** (R., Tenn.) has small lead over gubernatorial opponent **Phil Bredesen**; and **Bruce Benson**, though still behind Gov. **Roy Romer** (D., Colo.), has gained 9 points in last months.

■ Clinton crime bill "could have been concocted by a university sociology department," says Sen. Majority Leader **Bob Dole** (R., Kan.). With nearly \$9 billion for dance and arts programs as well as midnight basketball, Rep.

Henry Hyde (R., Ill.) says "this isn't a Christmas tree, it's the whole Emerald City of Oz." . . . Chances for Clinton welfare reform, says Rep. **Rick Santorum** (R., Pa.), "are slim and none. And slim just left town." . . . Super-liberal Rep. **Pete Stark** (D., Calif.) candid about costs of employer mandate in health-care bill. "So you add a nickel to every slice of pizza," he told PBS's **Robin MacNeil**. "Every business will have to pay it, and the price of widgets goes up." Like Chamber of Commerce three months ago, American Medical Association now retreating on support for ClintonCare after outraged members called Washington HQ. GOP House members wrote letter of protest to all of AMA's House of Delegates. Further embarrassment for ClintonCare as Justice Dept. tries to settle legal suit brought by health groups protesting **Hillary's** task force. Health guru **Ira Magaziner** testified group had only government employees and consultants. Court documents showing numerous outsiders mean Magaziner may face serious legal problem.

■ We'll-see-who's-right quotes from first round of Whitewater hearings. Clinton defender Sen. **Christopher**

Dodd (D., Conn.) says, "This thing is losing a sense of proportionality. I mean, this is not Watergate. This is not Iran-Contra." And *Newsweek's* resident liberal, **Jonathan Alter**, calls Whitewater "a parody of a political scandal full of sound and fury, signifying next to nothing." But GOP's lead investigator, Rep. **Jim Leach** (Iowa) counters: "Whitewater is about the arrogance of power . . . a metaphor for privilege, for a new government run by a new political class which takes short cuts to power with end runs around the law." . . . Two big wins for Sen. **Jesse Helms** (R., N.C.) on social issues. Senate voted to cut off aid to school districts that inhibit legal school prayer or teach homosexuality as acceptable "lifestyle." Co-sponsor on gay bill was Sen. **Robert Smith** (R., N.H.), who demanded Senate action after being sent copies of pro-gay materials used in public schools.

■ *Rodong Shinmun*, North Korea's official paper, says it may abandon A-bomb plans if U.S. helps build a non-dangerous "light water" reactor and grants full diplomatic recognition. Not so, says defector **Kang Myong Do**, son-in-law of North Korea's prime minister. Kang says dictator **Kim Jong Il** already has 5 bombs and will build 5 more—not as bargaining chips but as only means of saving regime endangered by collapsing economy. . . . Clinton Administration's foot-dragging on Poland's NATO membership causing doubts among Polish general staff about U.S. reliability. AP reports Western military attachés no longer gaining access to maneuvers and training. In recent D.C. speech noting 400 years of Russian imperialism, **Henry Kissinger** expressed astonishment over U.S. reluctance to admit Poles. . . . Syria's broadcast of White House ceremony marking non-belligerency agreement between Israel and Jordan raising more hopes for Middle East peace. *L.A. Times* says broadcast means Syrian President **Hafez Assad** is abandoning insistence that Arab nations make peace together or not at all.

■ Lost in Woodstock reunion coverage was singer **Judy Collins's** explanation for why she did not attend first one in 1968. "Mud, drugs, and no clothes were really not my scene."



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President Ronald Reagan

THE WEEK

■ Vice President Gore has been holding dinners based on the idea of metaphors in politics, and during a health-care speech Bill Clinton pounded the lectern so hard that the presidential seal fell off.

■ What bill will spend \$650 million on a youth-jobs program, give \$50 million to the United States Olympic Committee, devote \$30 million to developing Boys and Girls Clubs, and spend another \$3 million on tracking missing Alzheimer's patients? None other than the "largest," "smartest," "toughest" crime bill ever. As we go to press, passage of this \$33-billion clunker is still in doubt; Democrats are scrambling to pass a key procedural test in the House and may have to come up with 60 votes to overcome a Republican procedural challenge in the Senate. The legislative difficulty is well deserved. About a third of the bill's funding goes to social-welfare nannying ("education to prevent crime, substance-abuse treatment to prevent crime, or jobs programs to prevent crime," as one \$1.8-billion provision puts it); another third to a sham effort to put a hundred thousand new cops on the streets (according to the Heritage Foundation's Scott Hodge, there's really only funding for *twenty* thousand cops—states and localities will have to make up the difference); and the remaining chunk to prisons, but with the emphasis on drug treatment, job training, and other programs for prisoners instead of building new prison space. Even the tough new federal death-sentence provisions will be trumped by President Clinton's promised executive order implementing the Racial Justice Act administratively. When they say "crime" bill, the Democrats must be thinking of fraud.

■ Few indeed are those who still believe that Deputy Treasury Secretary Roger Altman did not not-inhale to Congress. But the White House has been not-inhaling about every aspect of Whitewater from the beginning, so it is difficult to see where Mr. Altman has done other than follow the Administration guidelines for not-inhaling.

■ The Fifth Amendment says the government may not take private property for public use without "just compensation." Like the Second Amendment, this clause does not appear in the expurgated, PC version of the Constitution, as the response to a recent

Supreme Court decision makes clear. In *Dolan v. City of Tigard*, a couple seeking to expand their hardware store challenged the city's requirement that they give up about a tenth of their lot for "green space" and a bicycle path. The Supreme Court said the city has to show that taking the land is a roughly proportional response to problems caused by expanding the hardware store. If the city fails this test, it can still have its bike path, but it must pay for the land. Yet even this mild qualification of the government's power to control private property aroused concern at the *New York Times*, which called *Dolan* "a triumph of ideology over community needs to protect fragile environments and scarce resources." Justice John Paul Stevens, who dissented in the case, warned darkly that "property owners have surely found a new friend today." It's enough to send a chill down your spine.

■ Mr. Cutler, the presidential counsel and in effect attorney for the defense, who was not even at the White House during the events being discussed, made a fine witness, not-inhaling that nobody in the White House had done even one little thing wrong, no sir, and then making extensive revisions in his testimony the very next day.

■ On July 31, the UN Security Council voted 12 to 0 to authorize the United States to invade and occupy Haiti if economic sanctions fail to dislodge its military junta. This, of course, is the Administration's plan, about whose lack of realism *NR* has commented on earlier occasions. What the UN resolution adds to the picture is another unsavory element: As columnists Lally Weymouth and Charles Krautham-



"We're trying to get it up to your number."

BILL CLINTON, LIAR

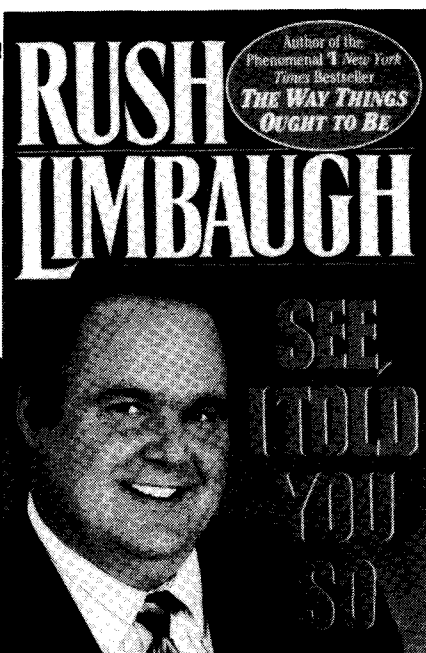
FEATURED: One entire chapter — an avalanche of promises Clinton broke, plus the lies that keep right on pouring out

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bigot: someone winning an argument with a liberal

rich: anyone with a job in the private sector

share: steal

special interests: people who disagree with liberals

taxpayer: rich person

You get the idea. Rush has about 250 more for you.

How did an “archconservative” talk-show host become the nation’s top-selling author? Simple. Rush gives his readers just what he gives his listeners: fearless truth-telling, in the Politically Incorrect mode . . . and everything served up to make you howl with honest laughter. (As for the liberals, well, they just howl.)

Is Rush really cruel and unfair?

We have to admit that he is. What could be more unfair than to remind some liberal of something he said last year? What could be crueler than to quote their miles-off predictions? Their broken promises? Why, it’s nothing short of *insensitive*.

But in between laughs, Rush serves up some provocative ideas. He even dares to be optimistic. For example, his eight-point plan to reunite conservatives and rescue the Republican party from creeping Beltwayism. Just because you’re enjoying Rush, don’t think he isn’t dead serious.

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mer have pointed out, it is appalling that the Clintonistas would cede the Monroe Doctrine to the UN Security Council. Even worse, there are rumors that the Russian vote for the UN resolution on Haiti came in exchange for U.S. promises not to interfere with Russian military actions in Georgia, Moldova, Tajikistan, Nagorno-Karabakh, etc., etc. A devil's bargain.

■ Disorder broke out in Havana in early August when three harbor ferry boats were hijacked in order to escape Cuba. Crowds gathered in the hope of getting onto another ferry to freedom, the police stepped in, and the crowds fought back. This was a riot, not a revolution. Still, it was something rare for Castro's Cuba. It had thousands, not just hundreds, of participants; they did not disperse when police began to appear; and it took place in broad daylight, meaning that participants were not afraid that their faces would be seen. Castro's main worry today must be precisely this sort of outburst of anti-Communist sentiment. He may respond as he has in the past, by allowing thousands of people to leave Cuba. He may even be tempted into another Mariel, allowing over a hundred thousand Cubans to depart all at once. It would be a dangerous move for him: such an event might spark the largest anti-government activity Communist Cuba has ever seen. The riots at Havana's docks do not, sadly, mean the regime will soon be gone. But they do mean Cubans have not lost their taste for freedom, and are willing to lash out at the Castro regime whenever the opportunity presents itself—or can be created.

■ Treasury aide Josh Steiner astounded even blasé Washington, D.C. by not-inhaling to his own diary.

■ The Administration is considering offering North Korea a U.S.-style light-water nuclear reactor as an inducement to give up its nuclear-weapons program. This type of reactor generates peaceful electric power and is not greatly susceptible to diversion of fuel for

weapons purposes. Nevertheless, this would mean rewarding a law-breaker, and it risks contributing further to North Korean nuclear physicists' expertise. Meanwhile, we would have no more assurance than we do now that North Korea had really given up its Bomb. If North Korea wants cheap electric power, modern coal-fired plants would be more efficient. On the other hand, given the Administration's compulsive generosity, the North Koreans would be fools not to ask for the moon.

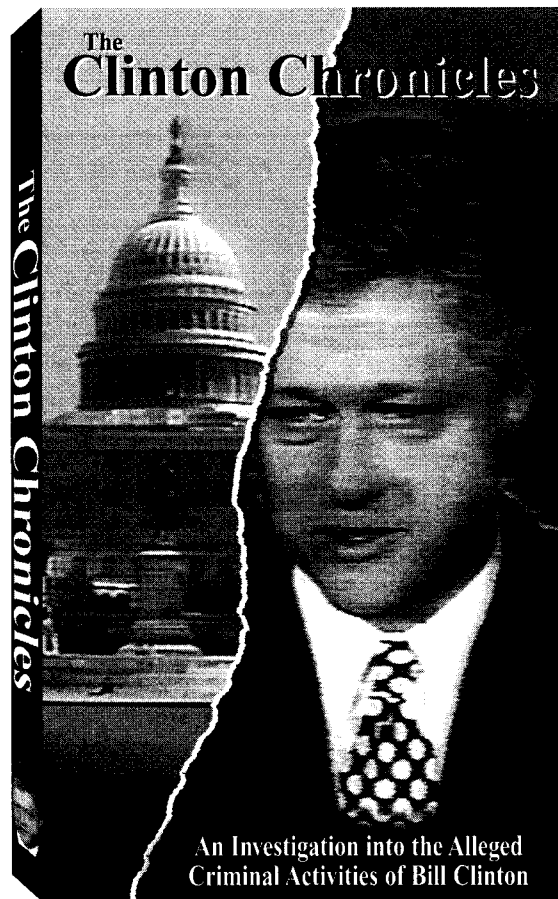
■ The Chinese Communists are trying to learn how to tax. They sent a large delegation to study the tax system in the place that most nearly lives up to the Chinese Communist ideals of taxation: Arkansas, U.S.A.

■ During the Fifties and Sixties, Western development experts had pessimistic advice for newly independent Third World nations: lacking entrepreneurs and facing diminishing terms of trade in international commerce, they couldn't count on the market to promote development. Nowhere was this lesson acted upon more thoroughly than in Tanzania, where in 1967 President Julius Nyerere launched his *ujamaa* program, which included the nationalization of industry, compulsory resettlement of villagers, "self-reliance" (i.e., protectionism), arrests of "capitalists" (i.e., Asians), the formation of a repressive one-party state, and militaristic sloganeering. The nation was to become "a classless society," like a family. The Western intelligentsia was predictably enthralled—most especially including Robert McNamara, who had just left the Johnson Administration to run the World Bank. As a recent internal report of the Bank puts it, from 1967 until at least 1980, the Bank viewed Tanzania "as coming close to being a model development country." Meanwhile, with compulsory agricultural marketing boards taking 50 per cent of farmers' export earnings, those unentrepreneurial peasants were turning to subsistence farming; exports plummeted. The nation that had aspired to autarky came to rely on foreign donors for 50 per cent of its budget (the largest contributor being the World Bank). Economic crisis finally forced Nyerere to step down, and reforms to begin, in 1985; Tanzanian incomes are less than half what they were in 1980. The Bank's report charges that its (or more precisely Mr. McNamara's, although, in the fashion of these establishment investigations, he is never named) "uncritical support for government policies" and its loans (\$16 billion to date) helped sustain a "poorly thought out socialist experiment." Critics of development orthodoxy like Deepak Lal, Clive Crook, Melvyn Krauss, Hernando de Soto, and above all P. T. Bauer should feel vindicated by the report. As Tanzania's tragedy

The Mood at Treasury

With Hanson kneeling Altman,
Whitewater laps around
The courtly Secretary,
High on the soggy ground,
While Joshua, whose entries
Left Alfonse pleased as punch,
Has, in the circumstances,
Recused himself from lunch.

W. H. VON DREELE



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The Setup:	In 1985 Governor Bill Clinton established the "Arkansas Development Finance Authority" (ADFA), an agency designed to create jobs and assist churches, schools, small businesses and education.
Key Player:	The Rose Law Firm and Web Hubbell helped draft the ADFA legislation.
Coincidence:	"Someone" decided that the Rose Law Firm would handle all ADFA loan applications and bond structuring. A million dollar loan netted Rose Law Firm \$50,000.
More Players:	Senior partners at Rose Law Firm were: Web Hubbell, Hillary Clinton and Vince Foster.
Fact:	ADFA's first loan (\$2.85 million) went to the Park-O-Meter company. Owner: Web Hubbell's brother-in-law, Seth Ward, Jr. Secretary/Treasure: Web Hubbell
Scam:	The Rose Law Firm prepared the loan application for the \$2.85 million loan. Guess who did the audit and evaluation of the application?—Web Hubbell and the Rose Law Firm. Sounds fishy boys. Perhaps a slight conflict of interest?
The Sting:	Governor Clinton gave State authorization, signing off the \$2.85million loan. The Circle of Power was complete.
Scam:	Document and payment history of the Park-O-Meter loan was withheld from the public.
More Scam:	The first five ADFA loans went to FOB's (friends of Bill). As with the Park-O-Meter loan, all ADFA loans show no record of payment or loan status.
Observation:	Slick way to fund your campaigns, Bill!

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illustrates, government-to-government aid rewards failure and increases the scope of the public sector, which is the chief obstacle to growth in the Third World. In the light of the misery the World Bank has fostered, good intentions don't seem quite sufficient.

■ In a recent *New York Times* story about the FBI's files on Leonard Bernstein, the composer/conductor comes across as a well-meaning but naïve benefactor of left-leaning organizations. "I would say his political involvement was for all humanity," a longtime associate says. "He loved the world and wanted the best for it." Mr. Bernstein's love for the world led him to support organizations such as American Youth for Democracy, successor to the Young Communist League; *Freiheit*, the Communist Party's Yiddish-language newspaper; and the Black Panthers. In a 1953 affidavit, Mr. Bernstein conceded that "my name became linked through charitable and well-intended impulse and obviously without the probing deliberation required" to groups whose names and purposes "are hardly more than a blur in my memory." The *Times* notes this incuriosity and absent-mindedness, but the portrayal is basically sympathetic. It's hard to imagine similar treatment for a vaguely conservative musician who gave money to Lyndon La Rouché's National Anti-Drug Coalition because it *sounded* like a good cause. The Communists, you see, had their hearts in the right place.

■ The juicy "Inside the Beltway" column by John McCaslin in the *Washington Times*, serving as a national ombudsman, as it often does, reports that a Washington attorney, Susan Au Allen, found her driveway blocked by a black Volvo. She found the owner, one John Richardson, in a nearby restaurant. Mr. Richardson was annoyed at Miss Allen's impertinence and told her: Margaret Richardson is "my wife and she's the IRS Commissioner, and I hope you paid your taxes!" Miss Allen, in disbelief, asked him to repeat it and he did: "My wife is the commissioner of the IRS, and I hope you paid your taxes."

Agriculture Lays an Egg

And now Mike Espy, joining those
No longer smelling like a rose,
Because of favors proffered by
The folks at Tyson, Inc., who'll fry,
Broil, marinate, or fricassee
A bribe to stay inspector-free,
Leads chicken mavens to conclude
A (chick! chick!) effort to collude.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ Bob Packwood might get off the hook if he can just convince enough people that his diaries were actually written by Josh Steiner.

Over the Rapids

KENNETH STARR, the new independent counsel charged with investigating the Whitewater affair, is known to covet an appointment to the Supreme Court. After this job, the Supreme Court would seem like a vacation. Mr. Starr, a man who has both a reputation for fairness and a record of service in Republican Administrations—he was Solicitor General under George Bush—takes on a tough assignment.

The first round of congressional hearings confirmed what was already obvious: that the coverup of the Clintons' activities in Arkansas has come to pervade many branches and levels of government. One egregious band of coverers is the Democratic majority in the House. This crew—the same people who gave us Jim Wright—have not modified their tyrannical instincts. The House Banking Committee under Henry Gonzalez looked like the parliament of Fredonia under Rufus T. Firefly. It is hard to say which was worse: Maxine Waters's mad scene, the chorus of White House aides, or Lloyd Can't-nail-him-to-the-wall-because-he'd-just-slide-off Cutler.

The Senate behaved more rigorously, in part because senators don't like being deceived, and that, it turned out, is what Deputy Treasury Secretary Roger Altman had done to them. At the request of Robert Fiske, the departed independent counsel, Congress restricted its hearings to matters he considered settled. The flashiest of these was the array of contacts between the Resolution Trust Corporation, the Treasury Department, and the White House, on the subject of Madison Guaranty. Mr. Altman, in addition to his Treasury post, was acting head of the RTC, and a Friend of Bill. Late this February, he lost his footing under the weight of those three hats as he told the Senate Banking Committee that he had had only one "substantive" discussion with the White House; over the next few days, his memory managed to retrieve other discussions. The hearings last month revealed that Mr. Altman, Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen, and the White House were tipped off about RTC requests for prosecution, or criminal referrals, as early as last fall. "No American, including the President of the United States, is entitled to inside information about a criminal referral," said Representative Jim Leach. Though Robert Fiske found no grounds for an indictment, Mr. Altman has withheld from Congress more than Elliott Abrams ever did, and for no reason of public policy or confidential diplomacy.

Of course, he had personal reasons for what he did. According to a diary kept by a Treasury Department munchkin, Mr. Altman came under "intense pressure" from the White House in February to stay at the RTC. When he finally decided to recuse himself, the diarist recorded, Bill Clinton was "furious." Like other courtiers, Roger Altman had come between

"the fell and incensed points of mighty opposites." During the congressional hearings, we also learned that the Clintons' interest in the progress of the Whitewater affair was not limited to Mr. Altman's role in covering it up. At the last Renaissance Weekend, Bill Clinton asked a fellow weekender, who happens to be comptroller of the currency, for

Partisan Reflections

THE TEMPTATION to compare Whitewater to Iran-Contra has so far mostly been resisted; but it shouldn't be. There are necessary lessons the nation still has not learned.

First, Iran-Contra now, more clearly than ever, must be understood as the attack of a Democratic Congress on a Republican White House. The House hearings on Whitewater were a farce not because Henry Gonzalez is a fool, but because he is a Democratic fool. The Senate hearings were better, but lacked the intensity of Iran-Contra partly because the committee refused to hire a tough counsel who could bore in on witnesses for hours at a time. Think of the interrogation of Roger Altman if someone like Brendan Sullivan (Ollie North's former lawyer) had been conducting it instead of Don Riegle.

Second, the legal standards imposed on Republicans in Iran-Contra are now, more clearly than ever, revealed as ad hominem attacks rather than neutral rules of conduct. When Elliott Abrams failed to reveal to Congress that the Reagan Administration had secretly—with a promise of confidentiality—asked the government of Brunei to help the Contras, he was threatened with a perjury charge and railroaded into a plea to "withholding information from Congress." When Roger Altman failed to reveal to Congress that there had been many White House/Treasury contacts about Madison Guaranty Savings and Loan, the sin was worse, for there was no countervailing national-security consideration, no pledge to a foreign government. It was just politics. Moreover, Mr. Abrams immediately sought permission from his superiors to reveal the secret solicitation, got it, and returned to the Hill to tell all. Mr. Altman misled Congress with letter after letter that purported to set the record straight but actually continued to withhold information.

We will see how Mr. Altman is henceforth treated. Democrats are divided: some want him fired while others argue that "he has suffered enough," presumably meaning that he stayed up late two nights in a row to testify and even had to hire a lawyer. Mr. Altman spent the Decade of Greed on

Wall Street and can well afford a lawyer, and at his age he can probably afford to stay up late too. To our knowledge no Democrat has said, "Prosecute him: apply the same standards we applied in Iran-Contra."

The pre-Iran-Contra view was far more sensible: Withholding information from Congress, short of actual false statements or perjury, is a political phenomenon and part of the inevitable and indeed healthy interbranch rivalry. If witnesses go too far, they have committed a political sin and they should receive a political punishment, even up to losing their jobs; they should not be subject to criminal prosecution. But when Democrats insist that Republican witnesses be prosecuted while their own have already "suffered enough," the criminal-justice system is being prostituted to serve partisan ends.

Third, we can now see more clearly that the Reagan Administration did itself great harm by accepting Democratic descriptions of the constitutional enormity of the Iran-Contra scandal. The Clinton Administration downplays Whitewater, and many citizens accept its assessment. Most TV stations carried little if any of the hearings, while Iran-Contra was carried gavel to gavel. Clearly the Reagan people panicked, and for that panic they paid a huge price both in terms of the Iran-Contra hearings and in the dispirited nature of much of Reagan's second term (when what should have been a conservative government was being run by Howard Baker).

With any luck the next set of hearings, about whatever scandal, will find the Republicans in control of one house. The main piece of advice to start with is: Push aside members' egos and desire to hog the TV time, and find a terrific counsel. Write rules that allow him to take whatever time is needed to push witnesses to the wall. Hold the hearing from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., no more. And make sure that Democratic witnesses are held to the same standard for testimony that the Republicans were, including the criminal prosecutions. Giving the Democrats a taste of their own medicine may create a coalition to stop the criminalizing of political fights once and for all.

advice on how he might handle the matter. (How come Sidney Blumenthal never overheard any good stuff at those insider gabfests?)

The dearth of relevant information, if not an actual cover-up, extends to another matter Mr. Fiske had declared settled: the death of Vincent Foster. An FBI agent told the Senate Banking Committee that Mr. Foster had committed suicide in Fort Marcy Park. So he very likely did. That begs the question of how and by whom his body was examined. The confidential witness (named "CW" by Mr. Fiske) who first found the body insists that its palms were both face up when he saw it, not face down, as in the only picture of the corpse leaked to the public. Christopher Ruddy, a journalist who interviewed George Gonzalez, the paramedic who examined the body, claims that Mr. Gonzalez's first account placed the body in a different part of the park from the location described in the Fiske report. (Mr. Gonzalez's story in the Fiske report differs from what he told Mr. Ruddy, who complains about Mr. Fiske's failure to question Mr. Gonzalez under oath on this apparent discrepancy.) At the minimum, it is certainly possible to wonder whether the people who spirited files from Vincent Foster's office may not also have searched his body. Mr. Fiske's examination of these matters has left open some questions which Kenneth Starr should consider settling once and for all.

But in line with this pattern of concealment and evasion, Mr. Starr has been attacked as a partisan hitman. The party registration of the panel of three judges who picked him has been sifted. Robert Bennett, Bill Clinton's lawyer, has attacked him for arguing on a TV show that the President could be sued by Paula Jones—at the very least an open question, in which the legalities seem to be mainly on Mr. Starr's side.

If Kenneth Starr has ever done anything unseemly, he should get ready to read about it in the papers. The people he will be examining play hardball.

He will face three questions immediately. 1) Will he continue the Fiske pattern of asking Congress to stay out of his way? This is a natural tropism of

prosecutors; it would be surprising if he resisted it. 2) Will he keep the Fiske staff unchanged? Independent counsels by nature are dedicated to finding the truth, whatever the cost; given this, Mr. Starr needs a mix of staid career prosecutors and Inspector Javerts. 3) Will he revisit matters on which Mr. Fiske had closed the book? His best tactic will be to say he will re-examine nothing, unless new or as yet unconsidered evidence calls for it.

The Clinton White House was stunned by the Starr appointment, and with good reason. Whitewater has been a long, steady drain of political capital. Polls show that people say they don't care about Whitewater, but polls also show that Bill Clinton's popularity has dropped over the months that it has been in the news. As one Democratic pollster said of the steady drip of stories, "Over time, drips can make the Grand Canyon."

Healthy Delay

WHEN Hillary Clinton and Ira Magaziner closeted themselves with their task force to commence re-making one-seventh of the American economy, health-care reform at least seemed to have an element of idealism. Now, a political and intellectual failure, reform limps onto the floors of the House and Senate sustained almost solely by Democratic cynicism and deceit.

For deceit, look at the characterization of the Mitchell bill as a compromise. President Clinton went so far as to say that it (along with the even more liberal Gephardt bill in the House) represents a "conservative approach." The *Washington Post* says the Mitchell bill is "halfway between President Clinton's original plan and the Republicans' less broad approach." But if the Mitchell bill represents any middle ground, it's between Bill and Hillary.

All that's toned down is the employer mandate, which will come after six years and hit employers for 50 instead of 80 per cent of the cost of their employees' insurance. Otherwise, all the essential regulation is in place: a standard benefits package, which means Congress determining what insurance Americans carry; a system of strict community rating, which means Congress determining the cost of insurance (and a doubling or tripling of rates for the young and healthy—see New York State), and a national commission recommending ways to control costs, which could mean Congress rationing care. Throw in subsidies for up to a 100 million people, and this is what is meant by the phrase "government-run health care."

For cynicism, look at the way Democrats plan to slam this or something similar through Congress. In the Senate, they'll take whatever they can get. In the

From Mr. Clinton's Pollster

Not since messengers were killed
By a jumpy Greek
When the news elicited
What translates as *eeek!*
Has a message hit the fan
Like the one just sent,
Counseling campaigners to
Ditch their President.

W. H. VON DREELE

House, the leadership is likely to allow a bipartisan bill to come to the floor; such a bill, if it eschews new taxes, could pass with as many as 300 votes. Then they'll trot out the Gephardt bill, which, even if it gets a bare 218 votes, wins under the so-called "King of the Hill" rule (last bill to get a majority takes precedence). The House and Senate versions then go to a conference dominated by the leftmost members of Congress (John Dingell, Henry Waxman, Pete Stark, Ted Kennedy, Jay Rockefeller, etc.), bent on producing the leftmost plausible bill.

And so, late this fall, with precious campaign time ticking away, a bill to the left even of Mitchell will be presented to both houses of Congress with the admonition, "Take 'health-care reform' or leave it." At that point, there won't be many leavers.

The time to stop this runaway train is before it starts. Republicans can bring down the Mitchell bill the same way they did the Clinton bill—if they're willing to withstand a furious Democratic assault (obstructionism, gridlock, mean-spiritedness) and stick to their message that governmental health care will be a disaster. Bob Dole so far is hanging tough, and he has been joined even by GOP moderates. But at some point he will have to cut himself off from the possibility of a deal entirely, and say straightforwardly: This is the wrong plan, and the wrong way to reform health care. Let's wait till next year.

Given a choice between a massive, Democratic-sponsored expansion of government regulation now, and something sensible from Republicans later, most Americans would assuredly take the latter. Still in doubt is whether they'll get to choose.

Resetting the Record Straight

ONE SHOULD always be a bit skeptical of a partisan tract claiming to be "setting the record straight." This skepticism is particularly warranted in the case of the Urban Institute's new study *Immigration and Immigrants: Setting the Record Straight*, by Michael Fix and Jeffrey Passel, which claims that "the economic effects of immigration are largely positive." A careful look at this pro-immigration manifesto is likely to make one feel sorry for the poor data that had been mercilessly tortured to get them to tell the story the authors wanted to hear.

Many of the claims in the report are, at best, misleading. For example, the report concludes that "the education and income level of recent *legal immigrants* remained high through the 1980s and did not decline, according to the U.S. Census" (*italics added*). This finding will be surprising to those Americans who remember the questions on the Census form they filled out four years ago, or to the legions of

demographers, social scientists, and journalists who rely on Census data in their daily work. For the Census data provide *no information whatsoever* on the legal status of persons residing in the United States.

So how does the Urban Institute reach its conclusion? After all, one of its own charts indicates that 41 per cent of all recent immigrants are high-school dropouts, as compared to 23 per cent of natives. To make immigrants look better than natives, the Urban Institute tosses the bad apples out of the foreign-born population. Among the foreign-born persons who are not considered "legal immigrants" are those who came from refugee-sending countries (presumably because refugees are admitted under a separate set of statutes from other legal immigrants). The report also counts the millions who came from Mexico and Central America as presumptively illegal. By throwing out Mexicans as illegals, however, the Urban Institute is also throwing out the largest group of *legal* immigrants. Future unscrupulous scholars would do well to remember this methodological breakthrough.

The study also concludes that "annual taxes paid by immigrants to all levels of government more than offset the costs of services received, generating a net annual surplus of \$25 billion to \$30 billion." The calculation essentially compares the taxes that immigrants pay with the costs of providing schooling and welfare programs to the immigrant population. This comparison is fundamentally flawed for a very simple reason: immigrants increase the costs of many other government programs, including roads, parks, and even national defense (look at the increasing role that race and ethnicity play in the framing of U.S. foreign policy). As George Borjas pointed out in an *NR* article (Dec. 13, 1993), the \$30-billion surplus would quickly turn into a \$16-billion burden if immigrants were assigned their fair share of the cost of all government programs.

But the Urban Institute manifesto is of some use. It gives away the new fallback position of pro-immigration forces: If it weren't for those refugees and illegals, we would not have an immigration problem. Case not proven.

Trading Losses

MOVE OVER, Paul Krugman, Laura Tyson, and Lester Thurow. Another economist—Alan Tonelson of the Economic Strategy Institute—has joined the protectionist chorus. Writing in *Foreign Affairs*, Mr. Tonelson contends that imports controls enacted during the 1980s saved five major American industries—autos, steel, machine tools, computer chips, and textiles. In each

case the protected industry gained market share, "contributing to job creation and reinvigorating American competitiveness." Free trade, on the other hand, is counterproductive in a world where most nations don't abide by it.

Pat Buchanan couldn't be happier. Professor Tonelson sees world trade, in Mr. Buchanan's words, as being "like the mean streets of an inner city that

need constant policing to ensure against rip-offs." But the professor's thesis will strike an equally harmonious chord with mainstream Washington. For while GATT and NAFTA get the headlines, the substance of U.S. trade policy is increasingly interventionist. Proponents of subsidies, import quotas, and high countervailing tariffs on behalf of "strategic" industries have marshaled reams of supporting data.

Right Data

Too Little, Too Late?

ARE WE, as the Administration insists, growing our way to fiscal daylight? Short-term deficits are indeed coming down. But even the latest rosy forecast sees interest payments rising as a percentage of GDP and no meaningful reduction in the debt burden.

Why the divergent trends in deficits, interest, and debt? The key lies in two numbers: the amount by which the deficit exceeds (or falls short of) interest payments on the federal debt, and the difference between the rate of economic growth and the average interest rate on federal debt.

Until the late 1970s deficits were about equal to federal interest payments, and GDP consistently grew at a rate higher than the real interest rate on Treasury bonds. This explains why federal debt

The interest-rate risk was recently quantified by Richard George, a financial analyst and editor of *The Derivative Risk Analyst*. According to Mr. George's model, a sustained interest-rate rise of as little as 365 basis points (3.65 per cent) would send the deficit skyrocketing to \$600 billion by 1998. At that point interest on the federal debt would equal personal income taxes. Private investors would probably refuse to buy additional Treasury bonds. If you add in a mild recession and a slightly lower revenue assumption (19 per cent of GDP instead of the 19.7 per cent assumed by the CBO), the day of reckoning moves up to 1996, and the interest-rate trigger drops to 275 basis points.

Although interest rates have risen 150 basis points since January, we are far from a debt crisis. What bothers Mr. George is the slim buffer against future catastrophe. He calculates that half of all federal revenues are already committed to trust-fund expenses—Social Security, Medicare, Civil Service pensions, etc.—leaving a little more than \$600 billion to cover non-trust-fund expenses, including interest. Interest payments already consume nearly half of this amount. Further rate hikes would increase the pressure for a potentially ruinous tax hike.

In recent years the Treasury has lowered interest costs by replacing long-term debt, currently yielding about 7.5 per cent, with shorter-term notes paying as little

fell from 110.9 per cent of GDP in 1945 to 28.2 per cent in 1978.

Things changed dramatically after 1980. Investors, fearing a recurrence of Carter-era inflation, pushed real interest rates to levels many times greater than the rate of economic growth. Despite more than a decade of disinflation, that fear remains: The latest OMB forecast puts interest rates on 10-year Treasury bonds at 7 per cent, or 4 per cent real, between 1994 and 1999, versus economic growth of only 2.5 per cent a year.

as 4.5 per cent. Unfortunately, there is no free lunch on interest rates. Eventually such a switch reduces the spread between short- and long-term rates. Although a few dollars may be saved, the probability of a debt crisis increases significantly as more and more debt comes due in a single year. The private sector, Richard George notes, is taking exactly the opposite approach: both Disney and Coca-Cola recently sold several hundred million dollars of 100-year bonds to lock into rates which may look like bargains in a few years. —ED RUBENSTEIN

DEFICIT DOWN, BURDEN UP

	Deficit (Bil.)	Deficit As % of GDP	Net Interest As % of GDP	Debt Held By Public	Interest Rate (10 Yr. Notes)
1983	\$207.8	6.3%	2.7%	34.1%	11.1%
1993	254.7	4.0	3.1	50.9	5.9
1994E	220.1	3.3	3.0	51.2	6.8
1995E	167.1	2.4	3.1	50.9	7.0
1996E	179.2	2.4	3.2	50.7	7.0
1999E	207.4	2.4	3.2	50.4	7.0

Source: OMB (July 1994 forecast)

At best, their evidence is ambiguous. Usually it is just plain wrong.

Take steel. The industry was indeed losing money and market share to heavily subsidized foreign producers before import quotas were imposed in the early 1980s. Those restrictions restored profitability and saved 17,000 jobs—but at a cost. Studies show that for every steel job saved, three jobs were lost elsewhere. The reason is simple: more than twenty times as many Americans work in steel-using industries as in the steel industry itself. Higher steel prices hurt a larger segment of the workforce than they helped.

The automobile story is equally revealing. In 1981 Japan agreed to limit exports “voluntarily” to 1.65 million cars a year—about 120,000 below the then current level. This was to be a more temporary measure, giving Detroit time to retool for fuel-efficient cars. Thirteen years later, they’re still with us.

Two things happened. First, the quotas enabled Detroit’s Big Three to raise prices and profits, promptly reducing their desire to cut costs. Instead of building better car plants GM bought Hughes Aircraft and EDS, Ford bought an S&L, and Chrysler purchased Gulfstream Aerospace and a piece of E. F. Hutton. Secondly, because the quotas restricted the number of cars rather than their dollar value, Honda, Toyota, and other carmakers started exporting larger, more profitable cars to the United States. Unlike their U.S. counterparts, Japanese automakers plowed those profits into new plants here. The result: Today Japan captures more market share and Americans pay about \$3,000 more per car.

Protectionists acknowledge that consumers pay dearly for trade restrictions. Saving a vital industry, they say, is worth a lower standard of living. Yet as in the case of steel, helping one sector often hurts other, equally strategic, industrial sectors.

GATT and NAFTA flourish because most nations realize they can live better—and export more—only if they receive more low-cost imports. But free trade inevitably creates losers—mainly inefficient, older firms that can’t survive without government aid. Not surprisingly, these companies are among the most politically well connected.

Mr. Tonelson and Mr. Buchanan would have us aid the economic past at the expense of the future.

Goodwill Missions

THE U.S. has now taken a decisive role in the relief effort in Rwanda. Three thousand U.S. troops have set up a logistics chain to the Rwandan capitol, Kigali, and the Zairean refugee center at Goma; U.S. Air Force C-5As are shipping in food, medical supplies, and water-purification equip-

ment. Private citizens have offered their own contributions. In view of the heart-rending pictures and stories from the scene, most Americans don’t begrudge these expressions of American generosity, which seem to have made a major difference on the ground. It is fair to ask, however, whether this dependence on the United States is going to be a permanent characteristic of the new world order and whether our military forces will find themselves stretched thin doing charitable work when other, more strategic threats loom (like North Korea and the Persian Gulf).

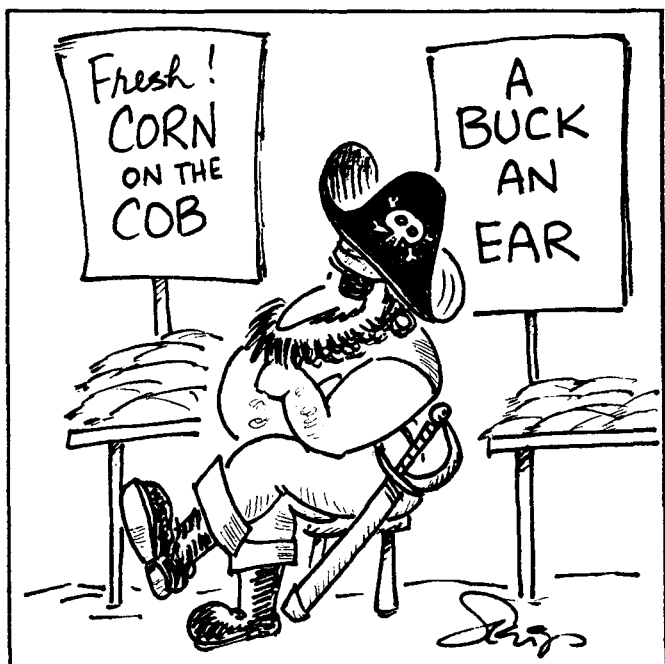
The U.S. military now find themselves fighting forest fires in the Pacific Northwest and blocking refugee flows in the Caribbean, as well as delivering food to Rwanda. Meanwhile, our defense budget has been slashed by the Democratic Administration and Congress, to the point where our secretary of defense admits we don’t have the forces to carry out our official military strategy (which is to be able to handle two major regional military crises simultaneously). The expanded peacekeeping role inevitably comes at the expense of other operational military needs.

In cases where no single major country has a strong national interest in taking responsibility for a humanitarian emergency, the world community should be prepared to step in. It cannot be an American responsibility every time. Skeptical as *NR* has been about the Administration’s “multilateralism,” there *are* cases—like Rwanda—where stronger multilateral action is appropriate.

The question then is: How can we strengthen the UN’s capability in this area without creating a monster? The last thing the world needs is a standing army that the UN could order around without close U.S. control. No Foreign Legion for Boutros-Ghali. A few ideas come to mind.

First, for the more politically important foreign crises, and those which might involve military combat, it is best that they be handled ad hoc, under Security Council authority, so that the U.S. can keep a tight rein on UN activities. But for truly humanitarian emergencies, a stronger permanent UN capability would be desirable, especially to coordinate rapid responses by national governments. There should be UN contingency plans for different regions, with lists of needed equipment that could be sought from nearby countries, and with key countries (including the U.S.) earmarking certain units for the purpose. A UN Assistant Secretary-General for Humanitarian Emergencies might be created, to do some of this planning, under the Security Council’s aegis. Our allies, the Europeans and Japanese, should be doing more here.

The Clinton Administration has been expansive in proposing new civic missions for the U.S. military, while gutting our defense capability. If humanitarian missions are to bulk larger in our role in the



world, then that should strengthen the arguments for strengthening our defenses. Some coherence from the Administration would be a welcome part of this debate.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

My campaign asserts that "American Democracy must end the War on Drugs, or the War on Drugs will end American Democracy." As a Democrat, it causes me some consternation that the mainstream heroes of the battle against the War on Drugs are mostly of the Right. Here in Colorado, outspoken opposition to the warrantless searches of federal housing projects proposed by Attorney General Reno is led not by my friend, the scholarly Democratic Representative David Skaggs, but by Republican Representative Scott McInnis. Should I laugh or cry?

In pursuit of some insight into this matter, I have obtained a copy of *NATIONAL REVIEW* (June 13, 1994) and have perused it, hoping to discover some depth of profundity in the American Right that I had heretofore overlooked. Alas, the Right is yet perfumed by a cloying lavender nostalgia for imperial glory and for the white man's burden. Page after page of *NATIONAL REVIEW* is even prostituted to advertisements for Rush Limbaugh, who is a type of avatar of Gerald L. K. Smith and the gonzo Right's answer to Hunter S. Thompson.

Nonetheless, if I choose to take *NR* no more or less seriously than I take *Rolling Stone*, it is readable, and your own prose still as enjoyable as it was some thirty years ago when I first took a taste to it as a teenager. I'm glad to find you in the same camp with us, the aging, balding hippies, *vis-à-vis* the threat to

personal freedom posed by a bipartisan folly that has afflicted this country to the tune of about \$200 billion since 1980.

If you would be so kind, please pause your pen in its flight to note for the benefit of your loyal readers in the Sixth District of Colorado that there is a pony-tailed, bearded Democrat running for U.S. Congress who inclines to the side of the angels on this and certain other issues dear to the genuine conservative (i.e., one who wishes to *conserve* such institutions as constitutional government, as opposed to establish a theocracy, or make Right revolution, etc.).

Warmest regards,
Jack J. Woehr
Golden, Colo.

Dear Mr. Woehr: You are, so to speak, all over the place in your letter. 1) Yes, it tends to be true that there are more conservatives than liberals who lament our drug laws. Fair enough. We conservatives make way for late vocations. 2) You appear to confuse *NATIONAL REVIEW*'s concern for human rights with an appetite for imperial glory, which suggests that making distinctions isn't your forte. 3) So you do not like Rush Limbaugh, which is okay: indeed he would not have the reputation he has if he spoke 15 hours per week of endearments to such as yourself. But even though you are running for Congress and therefore feel free to slander, you shouldn't visit people like me when trying to draw connections between Gerald L. K. Smith and Limbaugh. 4) We are both concededly aging, but I am not balding; and is it appropriate, if you are, to persevere with your pony tail? Cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I received your disappointing letter earlier this week. I am amazed that you believe that the fact that you "routinely" publish the letters written to you obviates the need for the common decency of asking a person's permission before doing so. You have now published letters of mine three times without asking and are obviously too old to change your ways. I will therefore spare you a lecture, and say simply that, Mr. Buckley, you are not, after all, a gentleman. When your number comes up, and your supplicants are fawning over your alleged virtues, as they have done for your racist and anti-Semitic comrade, Richard Nixon, I will do my best to remind the larger public of the truth.

Please feel free to print *this* letter.

With all sincerity,
Eric Alterman
Washington, D.C.

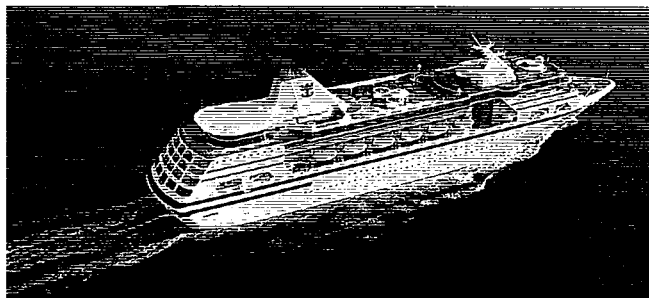
Dear Mr. Alterman: If I can be confident that your voice will represent the Opposition, I shall confidently approach the Pearly Gates. Cordially, —WFB

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Mr. Robinson's Hoods

RICH LOWRY



Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C. **O**N FRIDAY, March 25, Al Gore met with deposed Haitian President Jean-Bertrand Aristide to implore him to be flexible in negotiations with the Haitian military. For months the Administration had maintained that a solution to the crisis depended on compromise by both sides; Aristide would have to accept political opponents in his government in exchange for his return.

But the 41-year-old Catholic priest wouldn't have to suffer such indignities much longer. On April 12 Randall Robinson, executive director of TransAfrica, began his hunger strike protesting Administration policy. Two weeks later, President Clinton was preparing to demand the unconditional resignation of Haiti's military leaders and saying of Robinson, "I understand and respect what he's doing. . . . He ought to stay out there." He did—denouncing the Administration's moves as insufficient.

The next week, Clinton foreign pol-

icy aides Samuel Berger and Morton Halperin visited Robinson's bedside. Two days after that, Robinson was hospitalized for dehydration, prompting another flurry of press attention. Finally, National Security Advisor Anthony Lake called to ask if Robinson would relent if Clinton announced he was abandoning the repatriation of Haitian refugees. And Lake asked Robinson if he'd like to accompany Gore on Air Force Two to attend the inauguration of Nelson Mandela.

It's hard to imagine a rout more complete. During his 27-day strike, Robinson denounced Clinton's special advisor on Haiti, Larry Pezzullo, for showing "contempt" for Aristide; Pezzullo was sacked. Robinson said that Haitian rulers "must be forced to resign before Aristide can be reinstalled"; Clinton soon said the same. Robinson said pressing Aristide for more concessions was "absurd"; the Administration stopped. Robinson decried the repatriation of refugees as "racist"; the policy was changed. Robinson advocated "comprehensive new trade sanctions"; they were adopted.

And now that an invasion of Haiti looks like the only way to restore Aristide without compromise or concession, Randall Robinson can anticipate a sweet success: the installation of an anti-Western demagogue by the force of American arms. With Robinson and allies in the Congressional Black Caucus calling the shots on Haiti, American foreign policy has effectively been turned over to its traditional opponents.

"They were against the invasion of all the countries that the U.S. invaded the past 15 to 20 years," says Raymond Joseph, editor of the exile weekly *Haiti Observateur*. "And now those same people want an invasion of Haiti to bring back 'democracy.' It

happens that the person they're bringing back . . . is a left-wing budding dictator."

Robinson, the archetypal Aristide supporter, has spent most of his 15 years of Washington activism denouncing American power as oblivious to the aspirations of the oppressed. "America under Reagan, John F. Kennedy, and all those in between," he has said, "has never given an African a single bullet to win a single freedom."

A Harvard Law grad with a reassuring voice and stately build, Robinson founded TransAfrica in 1977 on just \$20,000. The group toiled away until 1984, when Robinson hit it big with a classic piece of media showmanship: an occupation of the South African Embassy that kicked the anti-apartheid movement into a new, high-octane phase, with himself at its head.

But while one man, one vote was Robinson's passion in South Africa, elsewhere it didn't matter so much. TransAfrica supported the Communist MPLA government in Angola and the Cuban troops that buttressed it. "The Cubans have provided a tremendous service to Angola," Robinson claimed, "and they are appreciated in Africa for having done so." TransAfrica embraced Julius Nyerere's one-party state in Tanzania, defended the Marxist government in Mozambique, and was slow in criticizing the murderous Mengistu regime in Ethiopia.

In the Caribbean, the apple of TransAfrica's eye was Maurice Bishop's Grenada. TransAfrica extolled the short-lived dictatorship's "unique experiment in articulating and practicing participatory democracy at the grass roots and progressive social change." In June 1983, Bishop was the keynote speaker at TransAfrica's annual Washington dinner. Reagan's invasion later that year prompted hand-wringing from Robinson about America's "long record of big-stick interventionism—putting in governments we like, taking out ones we don't."

This sort of advocacy won TransAfrica funding from unsavory sources, according to a report by the Washington-based Capital Research Center. Cuba contributed \$4,750 from 1985 to 1988. Angola's UN Mission chipped in more than \$3,500 in 1988 and 1989. Libya donated \$1,000 in 1983. Nigeria's UN mission and the embassies of

Mr. Lowry is NR's national political reporter.

Swaziland, Tanzania, and Somalia—all anted up too.

Thanks to its anti-apartheid cachet, TransAfrica has milked mainstream funding sources as well. Joining Cuba in the rush to contribute was the Adolph Coors Company. Today TransAfrica has a \$1.2-million budget, up from \$500,000 in the late 1980s. Bankrolled by celebrities and by big-name firms like Reebok, Philip Morris, and Coca-Cola, last year TransAfrica moved its offices into a renovated DuPont Circle mansion.

Nonetheless, with the battle in South Africa won, TransAfrica had been fading from view. Until the hunger strike. "The question was, would Randall's hunger strike alone be enough to gain attention?" Leila McDowell, a partner at the PR firm McKinney & McDowell, told the *Washington Post*. "It could be a difficult sell. To guarantee coverage, we said, let's make it Randall and Susan Sarandon."

A raft of celebrities did join the publicity push. And McKinney & McDowell, which did \$170,000 worth of work for Aristide in 1993 (Namibia, Mozambique, Lani Guinier, and the Rainbow Coalition are other clients), expertly massaged the media. When Robinson was hospitalized, "we called the press immediately," Miss McDowell told the *Post*. "The minute the ambulance was called."

Now that Robinson and the Black Caucus (members of which were getting arrested in front of the White House while Robinson fasted) have prevailed, what's in store for Haiti? "If Aristide returns on a U.S. invasion," says Larry Pezzullo, Clinton's former special advisor on Haiti, "there's a very good likelihood he will not work with the parliament, which has as much constitutional right to govern as he does. So Aristide well may end up ruling by decree, and we will be in effect supporting unconstitutional acts."

Aristide's failure to compromise was what doomed him the first time around. (Elected in December 1990, he survived in office only until September 1991.) Instead of reaching out to a not entirely friendly but legitimate National Assembly, the newly elected Aristide chose confrontation. "He, in my view, resorted to the pattern of behavior of dictators in the past," says Walter Fauntroy, former chairman of a congressional task force on Haiti.

Aristide's well-paid Washington lobbyists—the former Haitian president can spend freely from the roughly \$30 million in frozen Haitian assets in the U.S.—vigorously deny this. Asked about a speech in which Aristide praised necklacing, former congressman and Aristide lobbyist Mike Barnes seems to know nothing about it. "He gave one speech in which he made a reference which has been assumed to be a reference to necklacing," says Barnes, whose firm of Hogan & Hartson was collecting \$55,000 a month from Aristide earlier this year. "That speech took place after the coup had already begun. His life was in danger." There was no necklacing speech connected to the July 1991 trial of a political opponent? "You're getting your dates and speeches confused." So he didn't make that speech? "No."

But *Haiti Observateur* published at the time a transcript of the speech as broadcast on radio, and Aristide's rhetoric that day crops up often in discussions of his human-rights record. Puebla Institute President Nina Shea, who holds no brief for the Haitian mil-

itary, testified before Congress last year: "After the conviction and sentencing in the political case of Roger Lafontant, Aristide gave his supporters a kind of pep talk: . . . 'For 24 hours in front of the courthouse, Pere Lebrun [the name of a local tire merchant] became a good firm bed. . . . The Justice Ministry inside the courthouse had the law in its hands, the people had their cushion outside. They have their little matches in their hands. They have gas nearby.'"

Aristide supporters would prefer that these issues simply be buried. "You know, we really don't need another hatchet job on Aristide," says Barnes. "It's not in the U.S. interest at this point."

Neither is it in the U.S. interest to restore Aristide—which is part of the idea's appeal. "The proponents of Aristide," says one congressional staffer, "are people who want to undo the history of U.S. repression. If they thought an invasion were serving a national interest, they'd oppose it." Or, as Robinson told the conservative weekly *Human Events* years ago, "If the U.S. can provide arms to all of the

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right-wing, heinous regimes around the world, then it should be providing arms to liberation movements like SWAPO and ANC."

Aristide is a one-man "liberation movement." He regularly referred to the U.S. as the "cold country," considered it synonymous with "imperialism," and accused it of having "exploited our beloved country." Says Raymond Joseph, "If Clinton makes

the mistake of taking Aristide back with military force, after he lands Aristide will start denouncing the United States for killing all those Haitians. . . . He'll tell the U.S., You get your damn troops out of here—fast."

For Robinson and his allies, who have spent their careers making the same angry demand, there couldn't be a happier ending. □

13 Hours East of Moscow

RADEK SIKORSKI



Konstantin Valov

SIBERIA is not an obvious place to go at a moment's notice—but early this spring a friend asked me to help him look at a gold mine in one of the autonomous regions bordering on Mongolia. It was a 13-hour flight east of Moscow, and the Soviet Union's answer to the Lear Jet—a Yak-40—was supposedly already standing by for takeoff. So, one day we were lunching in a French restaurant in South Kensington, and the next, our van was wading through snowdrifts on an airfield an hour's drive past the remotest outskirts of Moscow. We passed vast, seemingly abandoned, military transport planes, helicopter gunships with their rotor blades tied with ropes to their wheels, and several large civilian Tupolevs, some still with the old Soviet flag on their tail. The van could not make it all the way to the snowbound jet, and

so the whole team—my friend, two other investors, two Belgian geologists, a translator, and an Australian bodyguard—waded through the last hundred yards of snow carrying our own luggage.

Amazingly, the jet—a dark, icicle-dripping lump of metal—worked, and it even managed to ram its way out of the snow. Its fuselage sported the logo of one of the private companies into which the old Aeroflot has been broken up.

The Yak-40 is slow but spacious, and its owners had had the interior transformed according to what they thought were Western standards. Seats had been removed and nasty black leather sofas moved in; a video and a large-screen television stood, not bolted down, on a table—we were to be regaled with not-so-soft porn movies. The refrigerator had been stuffed with the most expensive delicacies Moscow had to offer: vacuum-packed slices of meat, cheese, and German sausage. Fortunately, we had brought massive amounts of smoked salmon and several bottles of champagne, which had chilled thoroughly on our way through the snow. I spent the first few dozen miles in the air holding onto a sofa arm, trying not to think of what would happen if we hit turbulence and the television flew off its stand and struck the fuselage.

The last time I had talked about Siberian gold was years before, at the Oxford Union, when an aging Polish couple came up to me after listening to my speech about the Soviet Union. "Look," he said, showing his hands, "we are married, but we don't wear gold rings. I spent two years digging gold ore at Kolyma. I vowed that if I

ever got out alive, I would never touch gold again." They had been lucky to be among those led out of the Gulag by General Anders into British-occupied Persia, a remnant of over one million packed into cattle trucks by the NKVD in Poland's Eastern marches in 1939–40.

We now know that Kolyma was the Soviet Union's Auschwitz, where three million are estimated to have been worked to death. But even before I met that Polish couple, the very word "Siberia" always gave me a frisson of horror. It evokes the specter of Russian troops bursting into eighteenth-century Polish parliament sessions to whisk off recalcitrant senators; and of nineteenth-century insurgents being chased to places of banishment, thousands of miles on foot. It is associated with the word *kibitka*, a coffin-like box in which the more important prisoners were locked up while they were dragged east, interrogated and tortured at transit prisons along the way. To this day, there are communities of Polish exiles deep in the former empire, as far as Kazakhstan and Sakhalin. I was torn between the memory of those who had been to Siberia before me and the innocent zest of present company.

Two refueling stops later, we landed to experience the trip's first surprise: contrary to expectation, the weather was warmer than in Moscow. Snow still lay on the tarmac, but spring was in the air. There was also a disappointment: the helicopter that was supposed to take us to our destination was unavailable; it had gone to the rescue of a crashed airliner, the Airbus flown to disaster by the pilot's teenaged son, as it turned out later.

We tend to think of Siberia as Russia's hinterland, a once-empty space colonized by Russian settlers over the centuries. Siberia is indeed vast—accounting for 75 per cent of Russia's land mass—but it is far from homogeneous. Over thirty peoples claim bits of it as their original habitat, and the region we landed in was no exception. Out of a population of 200,000, 60,000 were natives, descended from a Turkic tribe that boasts Attila the Hun as its most famous member. The rest are *prishlie*—"newcomers," mainly Russians, who dominate the politics and have the best jobs. Typically, the natives in this region are employed in the scrawny collective farms tilling

Mr. Sikorski is NR's roving correspondent.

the region's poor soil, where wages are 10,000 to 20,000 rubles (\$6 to \$12); only the *prishlie* worked at the gold mine, where wages averaged ten times more.

The region has proclaimed "independence" from Russia and a new flag now flutters from its public buildings, but it was hardly a case of the Hegelian national will stirring itself after centuries of oppression. In fact, the proclamation of independence was devised by the region's Russian prime minister. The Russians and the natives seem united in trying to lay their hands on the revenues from their region's fabulous mineral wealth, which used to be sucked away by Moscow's faraway bureaucrats. This, presumably, explained why we had been invited to explore their "free economic zone."

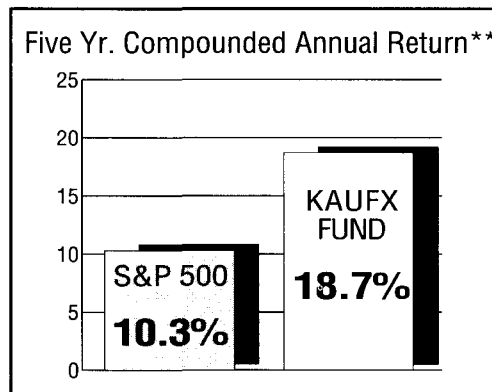
Another sentiment that unites the natives and the Russians in the region is ideology: they are all Communists and proud of it. The huge Lenin statue still stands atop a pedestal in the square—still called Lenin Square—between the government office and the capital's sole, primitive, detergent-smelling hotel. Huge plaster molds of the orders of the revolution and of socialist labor—and a commendation from the Supreme Soviet in pseudo-silver letters—still adorn the government building's main hall. "Look at them—the speculators," scoffed one of the officials, a native. He had been made a sort of business development officer on the grounds that he knew the world as a former sailor. He was pointing at a few old ladies standing on the sidewalk trying to sell a few miserable boxes of confectionery. I suspect that in their hearts of hearts they were humiliated by having fallen so low—having to deal with us, capitalist scum.

Nevertheless, we became very friendly that night. We would have preferred to sample the local stuff, but our hosts went out of their way to make us feel welcome: instead of Stolichnaya, we were regaled with what must have cost them a fortune in foreign currency: "Rasputin—the original vodka, Made in Germany." Everyone had to make a toast—to the great people of the region, to its benevolent authorities, to the wealth and prosperity that were bound to follow our exploration project. Our sincerity was sanctified by downing a large glass after

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every speech. Each time, I followed the vodka with a slice of delicious, crimson meat from a large platter in the middle of the table. Only toward the end of the evening did one of the natives wink at me, grinning, and express delight that I appreciated so much their national dish—made from horseflesh. When there was no more Rasputin left, and we were gathering to leave for our vermin-infested hotel, we recalled that our coats had been stashed in the office of one of the officials. He spent half an hour trying to fit his key into the lock before realizing that his office was in fact one floor farther up. So, the next day we were old friends. In the absence of the helicopter, we went to the gold mine in a convoy of Russian jeeps, passing villages of log houses sinking into fresh mud.

THE GOLD MINE lay at the bottom of a small valley, cut by a river. Two shafts rose up to the level of the surrounding hills from within a fenced-off compound containing a large crusher, a processing plant, and administrative buildings. Having been brought up in Communist Poland, I am not surprised by Soviet sloth, but I had always thought that there were priority areas, such as defense, space research, and mineral extraction, where even the Soviets maintained higher standards. Not here. Although the mine was not that old—built in the 1950s—it was like a stage set from one of those horror movies about the aftermath of a nuclear war: peeling plaster, sheets of steel falling from the shaft structure, black smoke, mud. Nor were the plant's ecological standards very high. Yellow sludge—mercury-treated waste—spurted forth from a large pipe to form a glacier on the river bed. Only security was maintained properly. "Don't shoot them, they are with me," our guide said to a butch girl who emerged from a hut with a big pistol on her belt.

The Belgian geologists became excited when we entered the laboratory. A gold mine's laboratory is crucial because samples are taken continuously to tell the miners how to follow the veins of ore in the rock. In the West, lasers are used to analyze the light spectrum of rock samples. Here, the laboratory consisted of three rooms. In one, samples of rock were crushed and

ground into powder. In another, each mound of powder was wrapped in a sheet of paper and weighed. In the third, a portly woman with nothing but a T-shirt for protection operated by hand the lid of an electric oven blazing at 1,800°F. She placed the samples in ceramic cones and, using a long fork, put the cones on shelves inside the oven. When the rock melted, the gold, because of its weight, sank to the bottom, forming a tiny nugget. By comparing its weight with the weight of the rock sample, it was possible to calculate the gold content. "It's magnificent," squealed one of the geologists. "I've never seen this in operation. The technology dates from 1910. Nobody has been using it for fifty years now. The margin of error is so great, it's almost useless."

The rest of the mine was similarly antiquated. Only one of the shafts was in working order; the other has been under construction for 14 years. At the open pits, pieces of equipment and empty cases of dynamite lay about, but nobody was actually working. Our hosts must have realized that we were less than overwhelmed, because our request to see the main processing building, where gold is extracted by running water through powdered ore in huge vats, was met with a firm *nyet* from the young manager. "Next time, when we know each other better."

Yet it would be an attractive investment. The mine's very backwardness is its biggest asset. The technologies it uses extract only about 80 per cent of the gold in the ore, compared to 95 per cent or more that would be obtained by Western companies. It could increase its production simply by upgrading its processing machinery. A small investment in laboratory equipment could further increase its efficiency. Moreover, because of the primitive process it had used for forty years, the hundreds of thousands of tons of waste that threaten to silt up the riverbed are actually quite gold-rich. One could obtain hundreds of pounds in a matter of months simply by reprocessing the waste.

Having seen all this, the investors were keen to sink in several million dollars of their own capital. All that holds them back is the Russian political situation. The businessmen do not know, for example, whether, in the absence of rule of law, let alone any

modern business legislation, any contract they signed would be honored. They cannot be sure that the gold, once extracted, would be allowed to be exported. Nor are they eager to pay bribes and protection money to officials and the mafia. In the end, they might decide that the risks outweigh the potential profits. If they do, it will not be because of a shortage of money, whose lack is supposed to hamper Russia's modernization.

The gold mine and the autonomous region where it is located illustrate perfectly Siberia's, and Russia's, lost opportunities. Writing in the 1830s, Alexis de Tocqueville made this prophecy:

There are now two great nations in the world which, starting from different points, seem to be advancing toward the same goal: the Russians and the Anglo-Americans. . . . To attain their aims, one relies on personal interest and gives free scope to the unguided strength and common sense of individuals. The other in a sense concentrates the whole power of society in one man. One has freedom as the principal means of action; the other has servitude. . . . Their point of departure is different and their paths diverse; nevertheless, each seems called by some secret design of Providence one day to hold in its hands the destinies of half the world.

At that time, both America and Russia were continental powers colonizing their hinterlands, America its West and Russia its East. More than 150 years on, it is time to take stock of their relative success. In the American West, we see states such as California—which would be among the ten greatest industrial powers if it were a country of its own. Perhaps more appropriately, Washington state, with a climate comparable to that of the region of Siberia I visited, but without the mineral wealth, is today home to companies such as Boeing and Microsoft. What little industry Siberia has was built by convicts or specially induced workers, most of whom flee the moment their terms or their contracts are up. The rest live in squalor and envy a few old ladies selling confectionery on the sidewalk. America's West is its new industrial heartland, whose vitality is turning the whole country toward the Pacific. Siberia, a graveyard to millions, lies exhausted and polluted, on the verge of rebellion against Moscow's dead

hand, and needs foreigners to tap her riches. Even Tocqueville could not find

a better advertisement for the advantages of freedom over tyranny. □

Looking for an Angle

ROB LONG



RANGOON

LANDING AT the airport of a Third World country is one of the few daredevil stunts that require no physical ability or athletic prowess. The only qualification, in fact, is size: if you can fit into an airline seat, you can land on a runway one hundred or so feet shorter than international aviation standards require for the airplane you're on. And when the plane touches down, brakes smoking and squealing, engines at full reverse thrust . . . well, you feel pretty cool. The plane taxis to a stop, a gaggle of Keystone Cops swarm around it—some to manhandle your luggage, some to wheel a rickety, treacherous staircase to the door—and you step outside, with the wind in your hair, and make your way to the terminal (a World War II-era hangar), passing here and there a frowning, Uzi-cradling 17-year-old boy in uniform. Under such circumstances, it is impossible, absolutely impossible, not to hum the James Bond theme.

Alas, this pleasure is fast becoming rare. On a recent trip to Burma, I flew in a tidy Thai Airways Boeing 707. It was clear from the air, as we approached Rangoon airport, that the landing strip was plenty long and,

worse, free of potholes. The staircase was shiny and new. Everyone smiled. It was a sign of things to come.

To be sure, Burma is a country in turmoil. The opium growers of the Shan tribe in the east and the Arakan people on the western coast are both fighting for independence from the central government in Rangoon, made up mostly of Burmese. Only the central valley, which spreads out from the banks of the Irrawaddy River, is free from civil war.

On September 18, 1988, after forty years of desultory and abortive attempts at democracy and union, interspersed with the ramshackle socialist dictatorship of Ne Win, the military declared martial law. Under the particularly brutal hand of General Saw Maung, power was vested in something called the State Law and Order Restoration Council, which is about as grim an organization as its acronym, SLORC, suggests. Resistance to SLORC, led by the National League for Democracy under Aung San Suu Kyi—daughter of a martyred Burmese patriot—floundered. SLORC, showing once again its tin ear, renamed the country the Socialist Union of Myanmar. Aung San Suu Kyi was placed under house arrest, where she has been since 1988. Four years later, she won the Nobel Peace Prize. Six years later, she was visited by a United States congressman.

It is a political situation designed to confound and outrage Western—especially American—do-gooders: the government stays the same, the repressive laws stay the same, the freedom fighter remains imprisoned, and yet everything changes. SLORC has lifted the ban on private property, on private enterprise, on private travel, on private profits. In many ways, it has outflanked its critics: who needs democracy when you have the free market? In fact, is not democracy—especially as Aung San Suu Kyi would have it: noisy and chaotic—and antithetical to secure profit making?

Profit, of course, is the religion cur-

rently sweeping Southeast Asia. What was formerly known as Burma, and then as the Socialist Union of Myanmar, is now simply the Union of Myanmar. But don't bother to keep track. The smiling customs official who greets you—Uzi-less—at the Rangoon airport says, "Welcome to Burma," followed by a more businesslike, "Please give me three hundred dollars."

SLORC, like governments everywhere, is determined to get its cut of the prosperity pie first. You are required to exchange three hundred dollars upon arrival, and in return you receive three hundred foreign-exchange certificates, which you are free to do with as you wish. What you do is exchange them on the black market, at roughly one hundred kyat to the dollar. The cab driver who hustles you into his car will gladly make the exchange and will also volunteer to pay you the going rate for any duty-free whisky and cigarettes you may be carrying. It's a good idea, in fact, to grab a few bottles and a carton or two on the way through Bangkok airport (Johnnie Walker Red and Triple 5 are the preferred brands).

The black market is not exactly black: the exchange of certificates, cigarettes, and whisky for kyat is not illegal, or even frowned upon; in fact, most such transactions occur in the airport terminal, under the wistful gaze of uniformed, unarmed officials who are disappointed, no doubt, at being locked into such dead-end jobs with the civil service, instead of raking it in like the cab drivers.

Everywhere I traveled—Rangoon, Mandalay, the mountain town of Maymyo, the stately and dignified ruins of Pagan—the people were cheerfully working some angle. In Rangoon, a Dutch hotel entrepreneur has recently finished restoring the old Strand Hotel. The Queen Mother of British Empire hotels, the Strand had for a while become a mosquito-infested, creepy relic. Atmospheric, yes, but not suitable for the hordes of businessmen expected to take advantage of the newly opened Burma market. Thanks to our Dutch friend, guests can now pay \$200 for the privilege of a spotless room, continuous electrical power, and plentiful bottles of Evian water. The place is rarely full, which results in a guest-staff ratio that is positively

(Continues on page 68)

Mr. Long is a writer in Santa Monica, Calif.

RANDOM WALK



■ When a group of workers with an average income of a million and a half dollars a year are poised to go out on strike, you know that labor-management relations have hit the skids in America.

And it's not just the baseball players who are walking out. Just released data from the Department of Labor indicate that 1994 is shaping up to be one of the biggest strike years since Jimmy Carter sat in the Oval Office. Through July of this year there have already been 24 "major work stoppages," as the DOL euphemistically refers to them. The big ones include walkouts by workers at Caterpillar, General Motors, Pittsburgh Steel Corp., UPS, and, of course, the Teamsters. "Our members are increasingly nervous about growing union unrest," analyst Peter Eidi of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce tells me.

The question is, Why all of a sudden are the unions so emboldened? The standard explanation is that strike activity always rises when the economy improves and unemployment falls. Nice theory, but there were a lot of strikes in the stagflationary 1970s, while throughout the "anti-labor" Reagan years, as the economy surged, strike activity plummeted by two-thirds.

One potential contributing factor to increased union agitation this year is that for the first time in a decade big labor has successfully implanted pro-union representatives on the National Labor Relations Board—the umpire for labor-management disputes. Three of the five NLRB members are Clinton appointees. The chairman, William Gould, a former Stanford University professor, has a "definite pro-union agenda," says Peter Eidi. A second appointee has worked as a union attorney.

"The unions are definitely becoming more aggressive," agrees Rick Berman,

executive director of the Employment Policy Institute. "The new composition of the NLRB gives unions encouragement to organize and agitate."

Ironically, now that we have the first President in recent memory to be backed enthusiastically by big labor we can expect to see more, not less labor unrest. So much for Bill Clinton's promise of a new golden era of labor-business cooperation.

■ Historical revisionism is one of America's fastest growing industries. It's hard work keeping up with the latest installments of the revisionist history of the 1980s. The fairy tale goes something like this: It's no fun being in Washington in the post-Reagan era, because there's just no money left to spend. Ronald Reagan left the federal coffers "so depleted that it will be years before any President has funds for new policy initiatives," complains *Newsweek's* Rich Thomas. Apparently, \$1.5 trillion just doesn't go as far as it once did.

Alan Brinkley of Columbia University repeats this sorrowful tale in a recent *New York Times Magazine* story, "Reagan's Revenge." Thanks to the big budget deficits of the 1980s, Clinton's

vision "of government's power to do good" has been "imprisoned within a fiscal environment that makes it difficult for government to do anything." (Sounds to me like Utopia.) The Clintonites are now forced to engage in "a kind of social cannibalism: with raids on such hitherto sacrosanct liberal programs as food stamps, Medicare, public assistance to immigrants, and aid to the homeless."

Here's where sinister motives enter the plot: unscrupulous supply-siders *intentionally* created the national debt so that Washington would be flooded with red ink and future Presidents, like Clinton, would be constrained from creating new programs.

Fortunately, there are still a few scholars left in America to debunk this nonsense. One of them is Richard McKenzie, an economist at the University of California at Irvine, whose book *What Went Right in the 1980s* is a delightful revelation. Professor McKenzie shows that "Reagan's tax cuts absolutely did *not* reduce federal revenues or cause the deficit." In fact from 1980 to 1990 federal tax revenues doubled from \$550 billion to \$1,050 billion. Real tax receipts climbed faster in the ten years *after* the tax cut than the ten years before. If Reagan's agenda had been to bleed the federal Treasury dry, he would have raised tax rates, not lowered them.

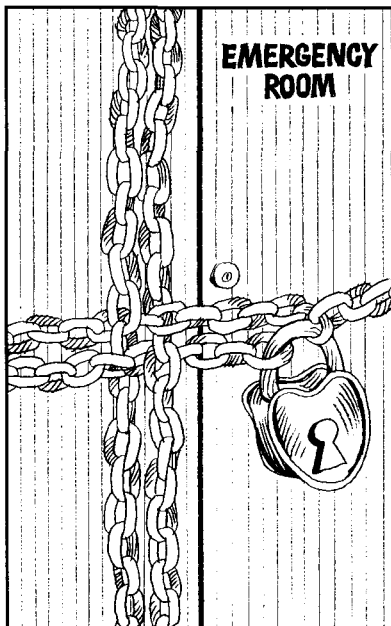
Nor is social-welfare spending declining as Brinkley and others suggest. Between 1989 and 1993 federal spending on the poor, adjusted for inflation, rose from \$493 billion to \$663 billion—a 35 per cent increase. So much for the theory about gaping holes in the social safety net.

Finally, Clinton is not cannibalizing federal programs; he's cannibalizing federal taxpayers. Dan Mitchell of the Heritage Foundation calculates that the federal budget *is rising* by \$70 billion per year under the Clinton fiscal plan—and that doesn't even include the cost of Clinton Lite health-care reform, or the welfare "reform" bill, or the \$32-billion crime bill. Meanwhile, last year's \$300 billion tax hike, combined with the ten others since 1982, has gobbled up any remaining crumbs from the Reagan tax cuts.

So, predictably, the latest historical revisionism of the Reagan record is a fabrication. But this is one time I sincerely wish the revisionists had the story right. —GEKKO



"Osborne didn't make the Fortune 500. He's number 501."



ACCESS DENIED

Germany's national health-care system was the envy of the world—until financial crisis hit. Under the government's cost-control program, German hospitals are running out of emergency room.

SUSANNE KOELBL

As in so many other areas, the Clinton Administration has looked to Germany for inspiration in its health-care reforms. The German model, with its employer mandates and health alliances, had a strong influence on Clinton-Care, and it continues to shape the thinking of Democratic congressmen.

The vast majority of Germans are required to participate in health-insurance funds, which are supported by payroll taxes. The funds pay hospitals and other health-care providers to treat their members. Because coverage has been generous, and because patients do not pay directly for health care, spending has risen substantially in recent decades. In response, the German government instituted cost-control measures in 1992. Theoretically there was to have been no reduction in services. This article, originally published in the German magazine Der Spiegel, details the sorts of cutbacks that have in fact occurred.

IT WAS 11 o'clock in the morning, as she was vacuuming, that the Bonn housewife suddenly felt a stabbing pain in her stomach. She grew dizzy and broke out in a cold sweat; her pulse was almost non-existent. The doctor on call who came with the ambulance diagnosed life-threatening abdominal bleeding.

The doctor reported the case to the nearest hospital and set off with her blue light flashing. Over the radio she told the hospital that the 62-year-old patient's condition was deteriorating rapidly and a difficult operation would be necessary. This must have made the hospital doctors change their minds. Suddenly Outpatient would not accept the woman. The doctor in the casualty department announced, to the surprise of the doctor on call, that "all operating tables are being used." The pa-

tient had to be driven across town to the University Surgical Clinic.

The director of the clinic, Andreas Hirner, who saved the patient's life with an emergency operation, has an explanation for her nightmare journey: "An operation like this, in which there can be complications, can easily cost 20,000 Deutschmarks [around \$12,750]. It was quite simply too expensive for them."

Annali Kauer had a similar experience. "The pain was so bad I could have screamed," says the 46-year-old shop assistant from Upper Hesse, who had a nerve trapped by a displaced thoracic vertebra. Despite the pain, she drove herself the 25 miles to the Marburg University Clinic—and was brusquely turned away. "Seehofer's new law" means that we can do X-rays only "in an emergency," she was told.

The ear, nose, and throat (ENT) clinic at Cologne University also cited Health Minister Horst Seehofer's law. Patients at the clinic were given a leaflet in which the director of the hospital explained that his hospital would not, in fact, be able to perform operations, even in cases where the condition was life-threatening and surgery "could not be postponed," since every bed was full. But doctors unofficially told the patients the real reason was that there was no money available for surgery. No hospital in the area was prepared to look after the ailing patients.

Out of Control

THESE CASES, and many others like them, are side effects of the cost-control program designed by Health Minister Seehofer and approved by the Bundestag in 1992. In the past, hospitals could exceed their budgets to almost whatever extent they wanted. Cost increases were passed on to the health-insurance funds in the form of an increased daily rate. The longer a patient spent in a hospital bed, the more

Miss Koelbl is a writer for Der Spiegel, from which this article was adapted. © 1994 Der Spiegel/NYT Syndicate. Reprinted with permission.

money came in. As a result, the total health-care budget grew by almost 10 per cent a year. Between 1980 and 1992, the annual payments by health-insurance funds to hospitals alone rose from DM25.5 billion to more than DM50 billion. In 1992 the health-insurance funds registered a record deficit of DM9.4 billion.

Under this system, German hospitals became overstaffed and inefficient. Between 1960 and 1990, the number of hospital beds and the number of patients treated in them did not quite double, while the number of hospital doctors tripled, from 30,700 to 96,200. In some hospitals, there are three or four staff members for each bed. The beds themselves, which cost DM300 to DM700 per day, came to be used by patients who could have been cared for more effectively at home or in a nursing home. And the hospitals grew accustomed to

lavishing funds on the latest diagnostic and therapeutic machinery, which generate additional income through reimbursements for procedures.

Health Minister Seehofer's law was intended to force hospitals to operate economically. Since the beginning of 1993, the health-insurance funds have been giving hospitals fixed sums, based on their 1992 budgets. Spending increases—whether due to inflation, medical progress, or higher staff costs—are no longer allowed to exceed the growth rate of the basic wage. Under Seehofer's law, as of 1996 the daily-rate system will be replaced by "per-case flat-rate payments" for certain types of hospital treatment and "special payments" for certain operations, such as hip replacements.

Seehofer is trying to introduce "more competition" into the medical profession and to stop hospitals from charg-

The Price of Price Controls

ALTHOUGH the Clinton health plan seems dead, Democrats in Congress have retained one of its most important and troubling elements: price controls. The House majority plan, for example, would impose limits on doctor and hospital fees after five years if spending targets were not met. Supporters of price controls should know that this approach has already been tried. Not only did it fail to rein in costs, it actually helped accelerate the growth in health-care spending.

The beginning of wisdom in this area is to recognize that physicians contribute to health-care costs not only by charging fees but also by prescribing medication and ordering tests, consultations, hospitalization, surgery, and various other procedures. The bill for these activities is a more important factor in rising health-care spending than payments to the doctors themselves; indeed, from 1960 until 1991, the cost of physician services remained between 16 and 20 per cent of total health spending. Thus it should be obvious that any plan to control overall spending by restraining physician fees would be doomed to failure.

Nevertheless, in 1983 the government froze Medicare reimbursements to physicians, an experiment that Congress extended until 1986. Dur-

ing the same period, other measures designed to control costs were instituted, including payment to hospitals based on "diagnosis-related groups" (DRG), utilization review, and pre-authorization by private insurance companies. After an initial decline between 1983 and 1984, the rate of increase in overall spending began climbing again. The explanation is that physicians across the nation responded to fee limits by increasing the volume and intensity of services delivered.

In 1990 the government again attempted to control prices for Medicare patients, introducing the Resource Based Relative Value Scale (RBRVS), a complex system designed to assign monetary values to physicians' work. Many physicians signed on to this scheme in the hope that it would redress longstanding inequities in rates of reimbursement for cognitive work (e.g., diagnosis) and procedural work (e.g., surgery). In its final form, the RBRVS cut reimbursements for most physicians drastically. The system's chief architect acknowledged that if these rates were adopted by other major third-party payers, the stream of talented people interested in the study and practice of medicine would begin to dry up. Furthermore, recent data show that this round of price controls was followed by another increase in the rate of medical cost inflation (see graph).

This macroeconomic picture, in which price controls lead to faster

growth in spending, is the direct result of government meddling in the microeconomics of physicians' practices. Consider an internist in private practice who charges \$100 for an office visit. If, because of freezes, other price controls, and inflation, this payment dwindles to \$50, several things might happen. First, the internist could do nothing and accept a reduction in gross income of up to 50 per cent (depending on the extent to which office visits make up his practice). Few practices could survive such a cut.

Second, the physician could seek to raise the fees charged to patients not affected by the price control. Such cost shifting continues to soften the blow of government-imposed restrictions on reimbursements, at the expense of rising private-insurance premiums. Third, the physician could try to do more intensive procedures, which are reimbursed at a higher level. This tendency explains the rush to procedure-oriented subspecialties and away from primary care that we have witnessed in the past ten years.

Fourth, the physician could simply try to schedule more office visits, i.e., increase volume. This is the only option available to many physicians whose practice consists largely of elderly patients on Medicare. (Excess volume of services is driven mainly by price restrictions, not by the fear of malpractice litigation, as is commonly believed. A study of "defensive medicine" done under the auspices of

Dr. Amerling is director of peritoneal dialysis at Beth Israel Medical Center in New York.

ing excessive sums. Per-case flat-rate payments mean that it will no longer pay to keep patients in beds for long periods; fixed prices for operations are supposed to put an end to unnecessary and costly examinations.

In financial terms, the reforms have been successful. In 1993 the health-insurance funds turned a profit of DM10.2 billion. For the first time in years the insured can count on a reduction in the level of their contributions. And there seems to be still more room for savings. In 1993 hospitals received 5 per cent more from the health-insurance funds than in the previous year. Other service providers were thrifter: general practitioners spent 3 per cent more and dentists only 2.2 per cent more.

Before the reforms were introduced, hospital doctors showed hardly any interest in cost management. They

routinely did second examinations instead of relying on the judgment of general practitioners. To be on the safe side, they examined everything their array of instruments was capable of diagnosing. They did not have the faintest idea of the cost of a laboratory analysis or of a computerized tomography scan. All that is changing.

Seehofer says the changes have been felt only by the hospitals, not by patients. "All necessary treatments are being carried out, now as before," he says. Yet the cases cited above are only too typical. Instead of cutting back on oversized administrative departments, or getting rid of unnecessary beds, clinics from Lübeck to Lindau are sending away sick patients by the dozen. "If it walks, get rid of it—an excuse is always found," says Dietrich Kettler, medical director at the Göttingen University Clinic.

the American Medical Association supports this point.) Increasing the volume of services increases total spending.

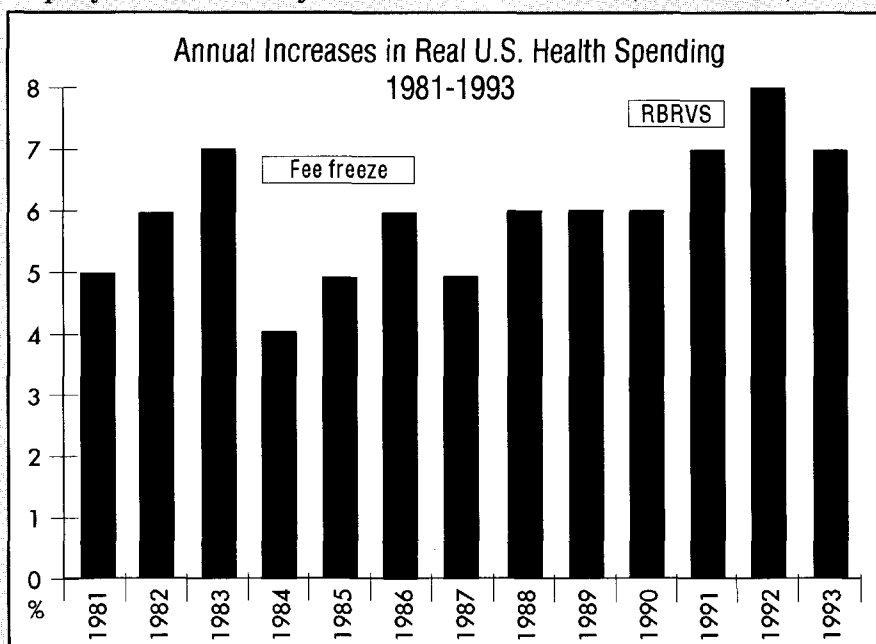
Cost-driven volume increases have other negative results. Our internist, forced to increase the number of patients he sees per day, will find that the time he can spend with each patient is very limited. This has to reduce the quality of care and harm the doctor-patient relationship. It also adds to costs by promoting increased reliance on expensive laboratory tests and consultants, since the internist can no longer devote the time required to manage complicated cases.

The loss of control, a direct result of medical price constraints, is one of the major sources of dissatisfaction among practicing physicians. Add to this scenario the plethora of administrative hassles, difficulties getting reimbursed by third-party payers, and escalating costs for insurance, materials, and personnel, and it is easy to see why many physicians are retiring early or taking salaried positions. Why put up with the responsibilities of private practice when quality of life, professional satisfaction, and income are declining? Over the long term, the medical profession will attract a less talented pool of applicants.

If price controls on physicians have seriously distorted medical practice, lowered the quality of care, and at

the same time contributed to an upward spiral of overall costs, why persist with such a catastrophic policy? One obvious answer is that it is politically expedient to target physician income rather than address the perverse incentives built into the third-party reimbursement system.

esses and subjective judgments about the value of specific services to individuals and to society. Thus, policies that would affect the price of services are perceived by many as *the most manageable approach* to achieving control over health spending *in the short term.* (Italics added.)



Kathryn Langwell, formerly with the Congressional Budget Office, writes in the Spring 1993 issue of *Health Care Financing Review*: "Controlling the prices of services would be a straightforward means to reduce spending. Prices are easier to measure and to monitor, whereas decisions that affect quantity and quality of care require more complex proc-

It's understandable that policy makers and regulators charged with controlling health-care spending would be attracted to seemingly simple solutions. But we need to think about the long-term impact of price controls on patients and doctors, whether or not that's convenient for the government's central planners.

—RICHARD AMERLING

At the beginning of last year, the mayor of Stuttgart instructed the city's hospital managers to choose a "mix" of cases that was "healthy" from a "financial point of view." This piece of advice exposes the hospitals' strategy: they want to implement Bonn's health reforms at the expense of patients, while protecting the jobs of the million or more people who work in hospitals. The people affected by the changes first become aware of them when, like the Bonn housewife, they are being raced from hospital to hospital in an ambulance, or when they learn that no money is available for the treatment that might save their life.

Hamburg's Albertinen Hospital welcomes "the simple cases, those who use a bed for only a short time." This attitude now is typical for administrators of small hospitals. If someone is not accepted there, he will usually turn to a large hospital, often one affiliated with a university. University clinics, required by law to accept

fective products. Cologne University has calculated this economy measure saves the hospital about DM800,000 a year.

Patients in shock are once again being given cheap plasma substitute, which accumulates in the liver and can create allergies. Some patients in pain have to pay up front for their implanted morphine pumps, which can cost up to DM17,000. Bonn University Clinic, the world's largest hemophiliac center, will not give hemophiliacs the genetically engineered blood-clotting Factor VII. This new product is the first to provide absolute protection against infection by HIV, which a quarter of the eight hundred hemophiliacs in Bonn have caught from contaminated blood products. However, Factor VII is too expensive to prescribe under the Seehofer rules.

Even in Bonn University's very well equipped health center, patients with advanced breast cancer have little chance any more of being treated with experimental parent cell therapy. The first studies have shown that this procedure—in which healthy parent cells in the patient's blood are isolated and then used later to replace cells damaged by radiation treatment—increases the chance of recovery by 30 to 55 per cent. However, it costs DM100,000 per patient. Dieter Krebs, the director of the Bonn University Women's Clinic, has treated about ten patients a year with this method. "We hope that other people don't hear about it, or they'll all come to us," he says.

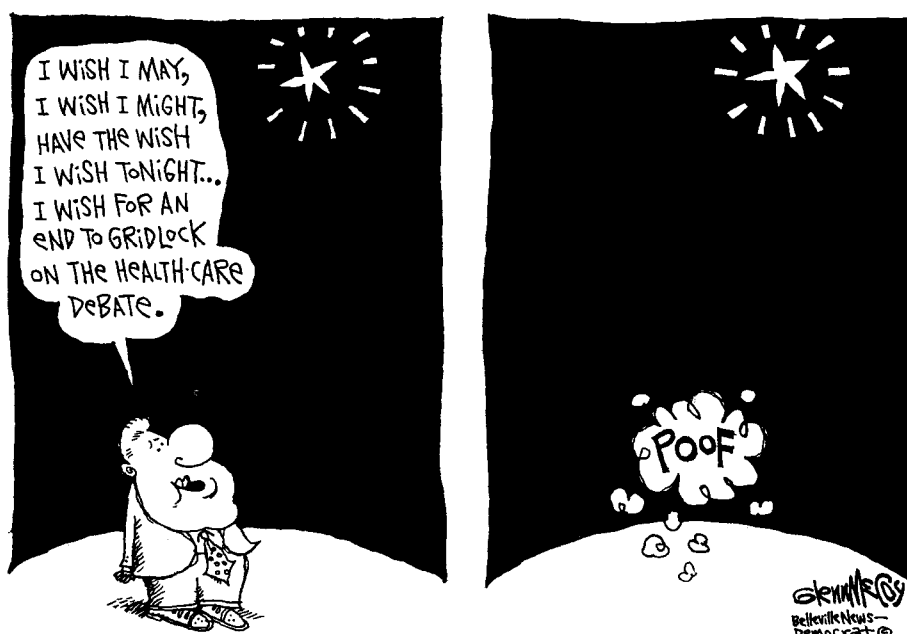
How many Germans who wear pacemakers know that, because of the "enormous difference in price," they have had a one-chamber pacemaker implanted, rather than the two-chamber pacemaker that is es-

sential for certain kinds of heartbeat irregularity? "This can, though need not, be to the disadvantage of the patient," according to a clinic in Baden-Wurtemberg.

Bonn internist Tilman Sauerbruch "consciously accept[s] that because we use cheap materials we will have to repeat operations." Instead of modern metal catheters, which cost about DM2,000, plastic catheters costing DM200, which often block up, are being used again to bridge diseased, constricted vessels. "We are sacrificing safety standards that we used to take for granted," says Dr. Sauerbruch.

Cologne ENT professor Eberhard Stennert, who is pushing a "bow wave" of about two hundred postponed operations in front of him, is afraid that in the future he will hardly be able to devote himself to routine cases. "We will be telling patients, 'I'm sorry, your deviated septum does make it hard for you to breathe, but at least you'll live.'"

The changes are especially serious for the most helpless patients—the old and the chronically ill. It was always difficult to get such patients admitted to the hospi-



every patient, are straining under the extra caseload and the "negative selection of patients." "A patient's final days are the most expensive," notes Wolfgang Klaus, Medical Director of the Cologne University Clinic.

Just as Good Isn't

ACCORDING TO the logic of the Seehofer reforms, these additional costs have to be recouped elsewhere. And so hospitals have restricted services at all levels. Fewer routine but expensive examinations—for example, X-rays or magnetic resonance imaging—are being carried out. Modern drugs for treating inflammations and tumors are being withheld from patients.

Cancer patients, for example, must do without Zofran, the anti-emetic drug that revolutionized cancer chemotherapy three years ago by reducing the extreme nausea caused by the aggressive cytotoxins. Doctors now are frequently falling back on cheaper but less ef-

tal of their choice; but the number of such cases is now increasing. Just before Christmas, a Dortmund family doctor managed only with difficulty to get a bed at St. Elizabeth Hospital in Kurl for a 79-year-old woman with cancer. "We were about to do the rounds in a taxi," he says. Only two days later, the ward doctor at the hospital wanted to move the dying patients out of her ward. The old woman was spared another odyssey: she died before she could be sent on.

Sixty-one-year-old Sophie Mann from Cologne-Niehl waited two "nerve-wracking" weeks before she was rescued by the telephone call telling her that she could begin chemotherapy at the Audit Oncology Department at the university clinic. In almost unbearable pain from cancer of the lung and pancreas, she was supposed to be treated as an inpatient. Instead, in order to save money, she was given her treatment as an outpatient.

AIDS patients are at a double disadvantage: they cost more to treat, and they are disliked by hospital staff. Thirty-nine-year-old Dieter, from Cologne, waited 14 days for a hospital bed. Bloody cancerous boils had formed on the soles of his feet, he had fever, and he was suffering from constant diarrhea. His family doctor, who finally got the severely ill man admitted only by using "good connections," often goes to hospitals as a "petitioner." "I wear my fingers to the bone telephoning—until my patients have been accepted."

The Aachen Clinic closed its intensive-care ward for burn victims for five weeks; Münster University has closed half its AIDS beds and three beds in the children's cancer ward, as well as both the psychiatric and dermatology outpatient clinics. Hannover's Oststadt Hospital has closed thirty beds, and the Göttingen University Clinic has shut its cancer department.

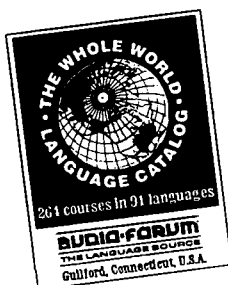
At Cologne University Hospital, where by November 1993 the number of cases already equaled the level for all of 1992 and there was no more money in the budget, the administrative director gave clear instructions that "only emergency cases that cannot be turned away" were to be admitted. But what is the definition of an emergency case? Is it a patient who is dying? Is it someone whose condition possibly will deteriorate if he is not given immediate assistance? Hospital doctors wonder at what stage a patient has a right to be treated immediately, irrespective of the cost—and, if they do not treat

someone, in what circumstances they will be making themselves liable to prosecution.

According to a report by the Cologne lawyer Wolfgang Klock, a criminal offense has been committed when "the doctor consents to the non-treatment of a patient even though medical treatment is necessary." Health Minister Seehofer also has criticized doctors who turn away patients on financial grounds. "They are breaking the law," he says.

However, thanks to Seefold's own "reform," what care a patient receives is now determined by a hospital's financial position. If a patient arrives at the beginning of the year, he will receive the highest quality of care. If he is admitted in December, when the budget has been used up, he possibly will get only absolutely necessary treatment. In the future, Frankfurt surgeon Wolf Stelter says wryly, "operating on healthy people" will be the most attractive course of all. □

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help

Stopping in Washington On a Summer Evening

Whose house this is I think I know:
There's Hillary with Bill in tow.
They will not see me stopping here
To rhyme a few malicious *mots*.

My little car must think it queer
To stop with no McDonald's near,
But I'm half through the Woodward book
And had to throw it into gear.

I give the horn a tiny toot
To tell it to be resolute;
The only other sound's the squeak
Of sneakers on the prowl for loot.

The House is lovely lighted up.
I'd like to watch the Mrs. sup,
But I have pages left to read,
And I'm already off my feed.

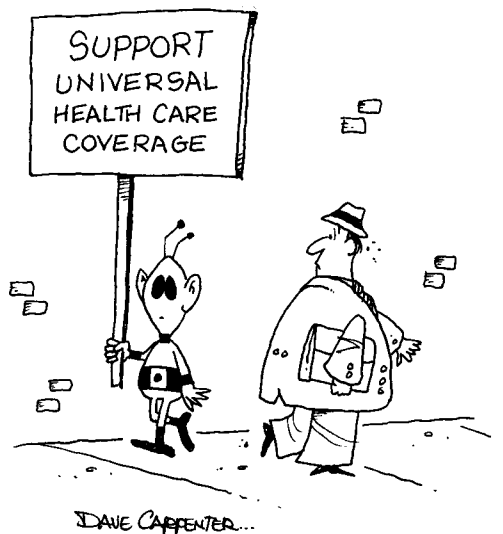
W. H. VON DREELE



"We interrupt 'Sounds of the Ocean' for the following pledge drive."



"Careful, Ackerman. This altercation smacks of flirtation."



McKELVY Chicago Tribune



ETHNIC PLATE CLEANSING



A CASE OF BOOK BURNING

What did Sudoplatov know and when did he know it? Can we trust his allegations about members of the Manhattan Project? We now have striking corroboration from the Russian archives.

ERIC BREINDEL

THIS SPRING saw a far-reaching and deliberate campaign to undermine the credibility of *Special Tasks*, a memoir by retired NKVD General Pavel Sudoplatov. (The NKVD was the KGB's predecessor.) The book—written by Sudoplatov with his son and with Jerrold and Leona Schecter (he is a former Moscow bureau chief for *Time*; she is a highly regarded translator)—drew extraordinary attention when it was initially released.

Time itself excerpted a chapter, which included Sudoplatov's incendiary charge that J. Robert Oppenheimer, Niels Bohr, and other leading Western physicists—many involved in the United States' wartime quest to build an atom bomb—knowingly provided key information to Soviet intelligence agents. The *MacNeil-Lehrer NewsHour* also produced a segment on the book, featuring the Schecters plus a filmed interview with the 87-year-old Sudoplatov.

Back in 1970, the Schecters facilitated publication of the Khrushchev autobiography, widely denounced at the time as a hoax, and so they had had direct experience with efforts to delegitimize just this sort of book. Still, nothing can have prepared them for the U.S. scientific community's un-

restrained rage, which was undoubtedly triggered by the initial seriousness with which responsible journalistic institutions greeted the Sudoplatov memoir.

This, it would seem, prompted the unprecedented campaign to discredit the book. Op-ed pieces in major newspapers described Sudoplatov as a professional killer whose word, as a consequence, is worthless. (This absurd standard would have consigned Albert Speer's now widely studied memoirs to the wastebasket.)

Book reviews highlighted every error, no matter how insignificant. Scientific associations condemned both Sudoplatov and the Schecters; Little, Brown was even denounced for publishing *Special Tasks*.

The campaign entered high gear despite the fact that Sudoplatov's book offers new information on a host of topics, including the assassination of Trotsky; despite the fact that Sudoplatov's status as a key figure in the NKVD universe has long been known; and despite the exceedingly telling fact that Sudoplatov first made his claims about Oppenheimer et al. in a 1982 pension appeal to then Communist Party General Secretary Yuri Andropov—long before anyone could have imagined that such documents would ever be available for Western perusal.

Sad to say, however, the campaign against *Special Tasks* worked. Roger

Donald, who edited the book, contrasts its huge overseas sales with the limited success it has enjoyed in America. Indeed, a *Washington Post* article ("How the Soviet Spy's Allegations Blew Up in the Media's Face") eventually provided a triumphant summary of the effort to discredit the book.

In the article's final paragraph, Donald Lamm, chairman of the publishing house W. W. Norton, criticizes both *Special Tasks* and the early media response with a harshness unusual in what is generally a congenial industry and with an air of distant superiority. According to Lamm, "This kind of fallacious story has a way of snowballing. What you have in the case of *Special Tasks* is information out of control."

All very interesting—save for one thing. Startling new information has just emerged—archival material discovered in Moscow—that tends to vindicate Sudoplatov on an important point.

Beria and Bohr

THE DOCUMENTS, which I reviewed last week, are fascinating in two respects: their content is nothing short of stunning; moreover, although the story of their discovery appeared in the London *Sunday Times* a month ago, that story—as noted in the last issue of NA-

Mr. Breindel is the editorial-page editor of the New York Post and a syndicated columnist.

NATIONAL REVIEW

West



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THE FEDS VS. WELFARE REFORM

EDWARD J. ERLER

CANDIDATE CLINTON touched a responsive chord when he promised to "end welfare as we know it." This pledge was his chief credential as a "new Democrat," no longer beholden to the "core constituency" of the old Democratic Party—liberal activists and the black leadership. It has become increasingly clear the credential was forged.

For example, Clinton's "two years and out" was never intended to be an actual cut-off of welfare benefits, but only of the AFDC portions paid to the mother. In addition, public sector jobs and extensive day care facilities to be provided for many (or most) of those removed from the rolls mean that it will actually cost more to "end welfare as we know it" than to continue the present inefficient, inequitable, degrading, and debilitating system. Thus did Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan rather indelicately characterize Clinton's welfare reform promise as "boob bait for the Bubbas."

Whatever Clinton's intentions, no one should be surprised at his failure to come through. As everyone should probably know, it is impossible for the Federal government to reform welfare. The ethos of the Washington establishment today is precisely to create, not liberate, dependent classes. Its highest imperative is that "the unregulated life is not worth living"

(Continues on page West-6)

WEST WORLD

■ Governor Pete Wilson's signature on a bill giving Californians the nation's best protection from unwanted smoke is bad news for his gubernatorial opponent, Kathleen Brown. Deprived of smoke, all her campaign has left is mirrors.

■ San Francisco's Lowell High School has been in the news lately. Among its graduates is the newest Supreme Court Justice, Stephen Breyer. Meanwhile the school's admission policies are being challenged by the city's Chinese-American Democratic Club. It seems that Chinese-American applicants to Lowell, the highest academic-rated school in the San Francisco Unified School District, must score considerably higher on admission tests than do white, Japanese, Korean, or American-Indian applicants, who in turn must score considerably higher than black or Hispanic applicants. Of course, in Breyer's day there was no "affirmative action." If there had been, he might not have accomplished what he has done so far. It's likely that Breyer will soon have a shot at putting an end to such discriminatory practices. We wonder if he'll take into account that somewhere out there may be a younger version of Stephen Breyer—13 years old and smart enough to be a Supreme Court Justice but, alas, a white person—who's waiting expectantly to hear from the Lowell admission office.

■ In the name of "human dignity," Roger Cardinal Mahoney of Los Angeles has vowed to spearhead opposition to California's Save Our State (SOS) Initiative, which aims to cut off the flow of taxpayers' dollars to illegal aliens. No, Father doesn't always know best. In fact, with his partisan political declarations, Father sounds like he's trying to get his church's tax-exempt status revoked. We wouldn't like to see that happen, but it would pay for a quite a lot of "human dignity."

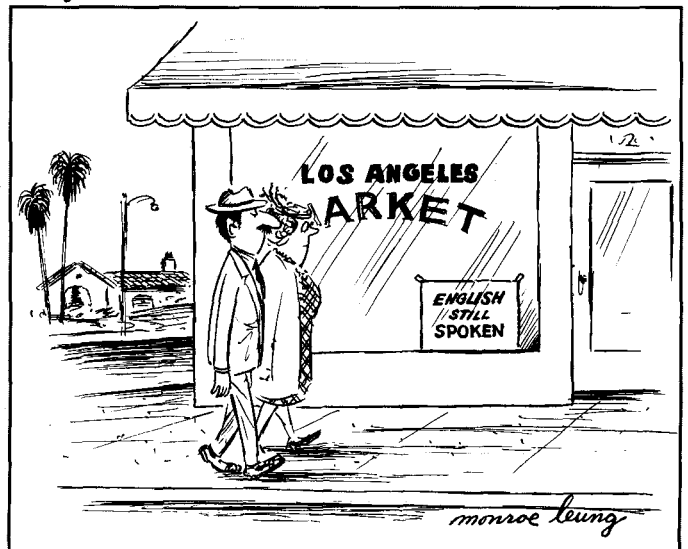
■ Making a keen distinction involving church and straight, Seattle Police Chief Norm Stamper not only authorized the wearing of police uniforms and the use of squad cars in this summer's gay pride parade, he took part himself, marching arm-in-arm with the mayor. Yet he had previously denied permission to police officers wishing to march in uniform in a Christian parade. In a similar incident, a San Jose computer software company mounted a week-long public art display commemorating the Stonewall riot of 1969, but refused to do likewise for Christian Pride Week. Its reason, according to the compa-

ny's "diversity officer": Christianity is an ideology rather than a lifestyle. Also, Christians are not a despised group and do not face the "employment challenges" suffered by gays. It seems that gays are to be applauded because they are despised, and Christians are to be despised because they are—uh, despised. Or something like that. How this amounts to a recognition of the value of diversity, the diversity officer did not explain.

■ In a development eerily reminiscent of the treatment accorded to Mormons on their trek west during the nineteenth century, a recent influx of evangelical Christians to Colorado Springs has sparked fear and loathing among segments of that city's population. An organization called Citizens Project has been formed expressly to monitor the activities of "conservative Christian groups" and report on them in a newsletter. An example of the chilling repercussions of this rising tide of Bible-reading: a nine-year-old girl was called stupid on a playground for saying that she didn't believe in Adam and Eve. On the basis of this incident, her mother plans to move. Are we missing something? Or is this woman just angling for a job with the Democratic National Committee?

■ Life does sometimes imitate art. By cutting a series of special deals, a bi-partisan group of California politicians has convinced Taco Bell to keep its corporate headquarters in Orange County instead of moving to Texas. It reminds us of Sly Stallone's picture *Demolition Man*, set in a future where Taco Bell, thanks to special government deals, is the only restaurant left. We'll hold our congratulations until the politicians turn to law-making, not deal-making, and grant tax and regulatory relief to all California businesses, big and small.

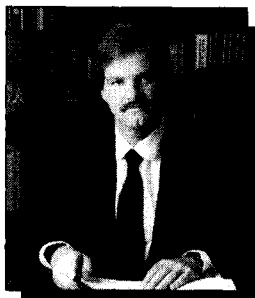
■ Kathleen Brown, seeking to become the first Democratic governor of California since her esteemed brother Jerry, says she **WILL ENFORCE** the death penalty today.



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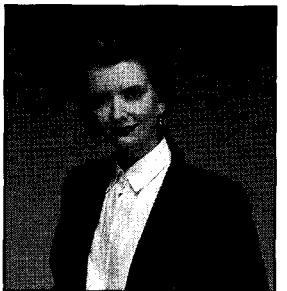
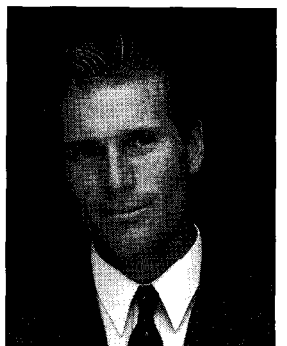
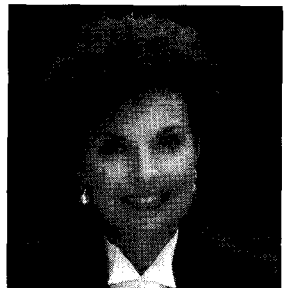
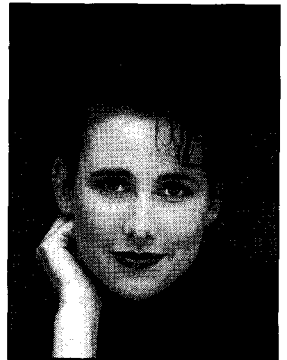
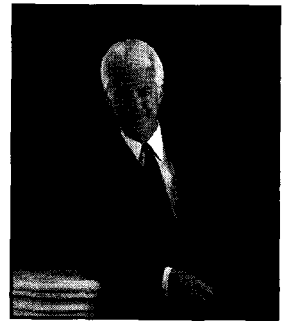


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Former Publisher of *National Review*



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Do you agree with your phone company's political affiliations?

AT&T addresses gay market

by Kate Fitzgerald
ers.

AT&T is trying to make a name for itself with gay consumers.

The No. 1 long-distance telephone company last week initiated its first marketing effort targeting the affluent gay market. In a brochure featuring photos of same-sex couples talking about long-distance communications, AT&T is making a pitch for leadership in brand image among gays, with more effective efforts expected later this year.

The six-panel brochure, mailed to an undisclosed number of consumers who appeared on subscription lists of gay publications, includes a photo of two men accompanied by the caption: "When David's away on business, we like to stay close. I love to know what he's doing and what's on his mind."

Another photo shows a man and his mother, who's quoted as saying: "Even though Paul lives a coast away, I love knowing how his life is going. His father and I always look forward to his calls."

The mailing was created and coordinated by the marketing and communications consulting company Prime Access, New York, and is said to be a one-time project. It supports AT&T's family of "True" consumer long-distance calling projects,

including True USA Savings, True Rewards and True Voice. No additional special incentives or coupons are included. FCB/Leber Katz Partners, New York, AT&T agency for consumer long-distance advertising didn't participate in the effort, an AT&T spokesman said.

AT&T decided to target gays after research revealed untapped opportunity with the audience, he said explaining. "The particular market segment is a good one to target because it's composed of affluent, highly educated and very brand loyal consumers."

The direct mailing follows AT&T's first-ever ad in The Advocate, in an April issue.

AT&T was also a sponsor at the First National Gay Expo in Secaucus, N.J., and is rumored to be a sponsor of next month's Gay Games IV & Cultural Festival in New York.

"We've received a lot of positive feedback from constituents of the gay market as a result of our Advocate advertising," the AT&T spokesman said, "and we feel all of this is having a positive effect."

No. 2 MCI Communication Corp. and No. 3 Sprint haven't targeted to gays.

Working Assets Long Distance boasts; "Since 1986 we've given over \$2 million to groups like the National Gay & Lesbian Task Force, Planned Parenthood and the ACLU."

"Working Assets is the only pro-choice, pro-environment phone company. Make a call for justice!" —Gloria Steinem

Wall Street Journal

"In 1992 alone,... the Bell's telephone operations poured \$40 million into lobbying..."

"The Bell's don't just work Washington. With a presence in nearly every major community — and some \$95 million to bestow upon causes in 1992 alone, — they have wired the system from top to bottom."

Our *flash* fax broadcast of threatening liberal legislative action, lets you know when liberals are on the move and who to call to stop them.

You will receive a quarterly update. Your summary will show the total amount contributed to each conservative organization and how much came from you! Don't let part of your phone bill go to the anti-family, anti-business forces of the Left. Join Communications for America in our fight for freedom.

Staying in touch with your favorite conservative.

Best yet, every month your telephone statement will be packed with information and messages from leading conservatives from around the country. We will keep you posted on the latest government outrage or Conservative victory. Our monthly letter will tell you where we are winning and who to call to get involved.

Up to 30%
Savings

Why pay a premium
to support liberal causes?

We would not be a conservative organization if we did not offer the highest quality service at the best price. You can enjoy up to 30% savings over the other phone companies while confidently helping to win the battle over the left.

Find out how to put your business or family telephone to work for you.
Call Communications for America, Inc.

1-800-748-5923

■ It's reported that Ted Turner owns the largest herd of buffalo in the United States, with seven thousand head on 600,000 acres of land in Montana and New Mexico. Word is he's replaced the cross-fences that surrounded his ranch (and most other ranches) with a big electric one. Nor is this a romantic venture. Turner's in it for the money, selling part of his stock for breeding and meat. And he talks like a card-carrying member of the Western property-rights movement: "I do believe that if you own a ranch—if it's deeded land—that you ought to graze the land the way you want to." Next thing you know he'll be de-colorizing old movies, and planning a new one with Jane Fonda as one of those ubiquitous characters in contemporary westerns who shoot down hapless buffalo by the hundreds. If Miss Fonda resists the role, Mr. Turner only needs to remind her that, down in Brazil, honey, buffalo munch on the rain forest for breakfast.

■ Housing starts are expected to take an upturn in August, following the completion of the Barbra Streisand Concert Tour. Problem is, all the houses will belong to Babs.

■ With sadness we note the passing of Bosco Ramos, mayor of Sunol, California, from 1981 to 1991. Fondly known as The Boss, he remains the only elected official ever to serve this unincorporated town in Alameda County. To appreciate his accomplishments it is necessary to mention his species: he was a dog—to be precise, a black labrador with various admixtures. Yet we realize

the risks in our precision. We anticipate civil-rights protests and investigations into why only one Canine-American of color with a Hispanic surname has held elective office in the last decade. We doubt The Boss himself would be offended. Consider the tribute payed in 1990 by the *Chinese People's Daily*, which denounced this capitalist running dog as a warning to those "who are naïve and ignorant and blindly worship Western democracy." If that doesn't establish the mayor's conservative bona fides, we don't know what does.

■ Get out your checkbook and your calendar: A new conservative publication, *The Weather Vane*, edited by Rex Grady, has arisen in Sonoma County, California. Address inquiries to P.O. Box 5666, Petaluma, California 94955. And *NR West's* annual dinner has been scheduled for October 7 at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles. Former Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney will be the main speaker. For information or reservations call the Claremont Institute, 909-621-6825.

■ Some are saying that Mayor Ramos, had he lived, would have been definite presidential material. For instance, he was known frequently to set aside his official duties and roam the neighborhood in search of female companionship. The *San Jose Mercury News* reported: "It is believed he is survived by a substantial number of offspring. He was that kind of a dog."

■ The O.J. Simpson tipsters' hotline has received more than 250,000 calls so far. We're checking rumors that most of the names of possible suspects have been phoned in by Oliver Stone.

(Continued from page West-1)

(apologies to Socrates). Any move by a president to break the cycle of dependence will be actively resisted and almost certainly derailed by the welfare bureaucrats, welfare rights organizations, civil rights professionals, and political representatives of welfare recipients who rule that city. Indeed, the only significant welfare-related reform to come from the Federal government, the Family Support Act of 1988—highly touted as a conservative measure to get people off welfare using "mandatory" work requirements—actually made it easier for new people to get on welfare and only mandated work for 7 per cent of those on welfare rolls at the time.

Edward J. Erler is a professor of political science at California State University, San Bernardino, and a member of the California Advisory Commission on Civil Rights.

While there has been talk of reform at the national level, the real impetus for change has come from the states. There is a major stumbling block, however: states can only adopt reform measures with the permission of the Federal government. Real reforms are therefore likely to be stifled; and recent court decisions and pending legislation are designed to make it much more difficult for states to initiate any but the most cosmetic changes—and those that increase rather than decrease benefits!

For instance, California has been a leader in adopting measures to encourage welfare recipients to work and stay in school. Modest as these have been, they have not escaped the ire of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals. Beginning in 1991, and aided by a prolonged budget crisis, Governor Pete Wilson was able to bludgeon the legislature into accepting a series of welfare cuts—4.4% in 1991, 5.8% in

1992, 2.7% in 1993 and 2.3% scheduled to take effect this fall. This would have reduced the maximum cash benefit from \$694 a month in 1991 to \$593 a month. (Note: In addition to cash benefits, welfare recipients are eligible for housing allowances, food stamps, and Medicaid. These can bring the total welfare package to almost \$22,000 per year for a welfare mother of two—or the equivalent of a full time job at almost \$11 per hour—and would have remained untouched.)

Federal law, however, disallows any benefit cuts below the level of May 1, 1988 (\$633 per month) without a waiver from the Secretary of Health and Human Services. California proceeded to secure the necessary waivers from the Bush administration, justifying the cuts as budgetary savings as well as incentives for people to seek work as an alternative to welfare. As with all such waivers to be approved by HHS, the primary justification was couched

in terms of an experimental measure to test whether benefit cuts would result in more welfare recipients seeking work. There was even a provision allowing those seeking work to keep more of their benefits while they made the transition to the work force.

INEVITABLY, welfare rights advocates (referred to by the court as "impressively credentialed amici") challenged the cuts and won in the Ninth Circuit Federal Court of Appeals. In a decision fraught with egregious judicial activism and contempt for the democratic process, a three-judge panel ruled that the benefit cuts were impermissible under federal law because the Secretary's waiver failed to take into account the fact that a significant portion of the welfare population would be "at increased risk of homelessness, inadequate nutrition, and a variety of emotional and physical problems."

Federal law assigns discretion to the Secretary of HHS to waive requirements and courts have generally given wide latitude to executive agencies to interpret their own rules. But the Ninth Circuit panel asserted that the Administrative Procedures Act creates a "basic presumption of judicial review" for all administrative actions. While the court conceded that "ordinarily, the Secretary might reasonably argue" that state officials ought to have considerable discretion, "federalism arguments" are not valid when the Secretary uses discretion not "to interfere with state officials' discretion," but "to waive compliance with federal statutes." Federalism thus has come to mean federal interference rather than state independence.

Under the Administrative Procedures Act, the courts can review administrative discretion only to insure that decisions are not "arbitrary and capricious." This must be determined in the context of whether they are likely to further the goals of the AFDC provisions of the Social Security Act, the main object of which, in the court's phrase, "is to support needy children." One piece of evidence that the court adduced to demonstrate the "arbitrary and capricious" nature of the waiver granted to California is the fact that the Secretary of HHS did not respond to objections made by various welfare advocacy groups! Federal waivers were never intended, the court maintained,

to allow states to save money, but only to test new ideas and ways of dealing with the problems of public welfare: "a simple benefits cut, which might save money, but has no research or experimental goal, would not satisfy" the federal waiver requirement. And as the court notes, the incentive to seek work under the California experiment would have been better served "by simply allowing recipients to keep more of their earned income." Thus, mere budgetary considerations or the integrity of the public fisc are never valid reasons for welfare reform.

Perhaps the most disturbing suggestion by the court is one that would prohibit any welfare reform that attempts to reduce benefits or seeks to make work requirements a condition of receiving welfare. The court describes the California reform as an "experiment", and duly notes that federal law prohibits "spending federal money on experimental projects which pose a danger to human research subjects without their informed consent." Thus any "experiment" that "impressively credentialed" welfare rights groups can argue might "pose a danger to human subjects' physical, mental or emotional well-being" can be undertaken only with the consent of those who will be affected. The daunting implication of all this is that no welfare reductions or work requirements can be undertaken without the permission of the affected welfare recipients. This will effectively institutionalize the famous "ratchet effect" that has become the watchword of the welfare-state. Entitlements can move only in one direction, and that is up.

The Clinton administration has refused to join Governor Wilson in appealing this soft-minded decision which has immense financial implica-

tions and threatens to end welfare reform "experiments" throughout the nation. HHS Secretary Donna Shalala has blandly (and ignorantly) responded that the ruling will have no financial impact on California and will not significantly affect efforts to reform welfare in California or elsewhere. At the same time, the Clinton administration has said it "is strongly committed to state flexibility in welfare reform and the use of waivers." Clinton himself in a recent speech to the National Governors' Association said, "I am determined not to permit that court decision to become an excuse to slow down the dramatic increase in experimentation we have at the state level in health care and welfare reform." More "boob bait for the Bubbas."

NOR IS Congress acting to rein in the courts. Indeed, it is joining in the anti-reform offensive. Several states have received federal waivers to eliminate food stamps, substituting cash transfers in their stead. This has resulted in considerable savings in administrative costs. The welfare bureaucracy has fought this trend, complaining bitterly about the discretion that this gives welfare recipients. Thus, a little-noticed piece of legislation outlawing all waivers for states is making its way through Congress. Sponsored by Neal Smith (D., Iowa), this piece of welfare legerdemain was attached to the House Agriculture Appropriations bill and passed the House; it cleared the Senate Appropriations Committee and is scheduled for floor debate.

It appears that the Old Democrats are still alive and well, wielding their ratchets as deftly as ever before in support of the welfare state establishment. □



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Western Midterms

WHEN BILL CLINTON became the first Democrat in 28 years to carry the Mountain and Pacific states, liberals looked forward to a Western realignment. But in the 1994 midterm elections for the House and Senate, Clintonomics and the administration's "War on the West" are dousing Democratic hopes. Here are just a few of the many races that will make headlines.

Arizona: Last September, incumbent Democratic Senator Dennis DeConcini looked like a goner because of his involvement in the Keating Five and his pivotal vote for the Clinton economic plan. He announced that he would not seek reelection. The race to succeed him features Republican Representative Jon Kyl, who will face the winner of a closely fought Democratic primary. Kyl, brilliant advocate of the Strategic Defense Initiative and former leader of the House GOP's Conservative Opportunity Society, would vault to the front ranks of Senate conservatives. Although he's running ahead, his supporters shouldn't get overconfident: Democrats have shown strength in recent Arizona elections.

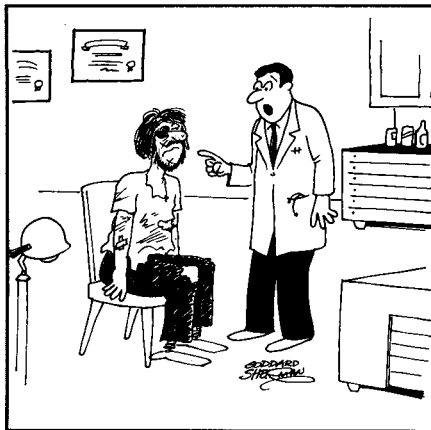
Hawaii: Vietnam War hero and former Perot spokesman Orson Swindle is seeking the GOP nomination to oppose incumbent Democratic Representative Neil Abercrombie. In this uphill battle (Abercrombie won 73 percent in 1992), the GOP can portray the incumbent as too wacky to be effective. His main accomplishment has been to serve as an example of why aging hippies shouldn't let their remaining hair grow too long.

Idaho: Second-term Representative Larry LaRocco, a liberal Democrat, is barely running even with his Repub-

lican challenger, conservative activist Helen Chenoweth. In his hackneyed attempt to demonize Chenoweth as a "religious right extremist," LaRocco is relying on the cliché that she wants to "turn back the clock." Evidently he's overlooked C. S. Lewis's observation that "you can put a clock back, and if the clock is wrong it is often a very sensible thing to do."

New Mexico: Two-term Democratic Senator Jeff Bingaman is maintaining a lead over GOP nominee Colin McMillan, but he has two major problems. One is his staunch support of Clinton: according to *Congressional Quarterly*, he voted with the administration 86 per cent of the time in 1993. Another is the surge of the state's Green Party, whose support of a third candidate could draw environmentalist votes away from the Democrats.

California: A David-and-Goliath race is shaping up in the 29th Congressional District. "David" is scrappy young Republican challenger Paul Stepanek. "Goliath" is Representative Henry Waxman, who built a reputation as master of liberal legislative hardball, but who failed utterly in his attempt to play a major role in developing health care legislation. And now he's stuck with supporting whatever Clintonesque monstrosity emerges from the debate.



"I'm taking you off protest marches."

The biggest race of all is for the Senate seat of incumbent Democrat Dianne Feinstein, who is losing ground to Republican Representative Michael Huffington. The formerly sure-footed Feinstein has been making pratfalls. A graphic on one of her television ads contained a spelling error: "Dianne Feinstein lead the fight to stop illegal immigration." Before her campaign fixed the blooper, a Huffington press release sighed that Feinstein's "leadership just won't do." She co-sponsored the Clinton health plan, then panicked when the poll results came in. After removing her name from the bill, she wondered aloud whether she knew enough to support any plan this year. She attacked congressional perks such as free parking, even though she uses a congressional aide to chauffeur her to meetings. When a reporter pointed out the hypocrisy, she replied with what genteel magazine editors call "a barnyard epithet."

Perhaps her biggest blunder came when an invitation to a Democratic fundraising event said that "Huffington represents everything that is antithetical to us as women and as Jews." Angered by the implication of anti-Semitism, Huffington confronted Feinstein at the event—on camera—and demanded that she disavow the smear. Feinstein haughtily refused, thus making herself look like a mudslinger and yielding the moral high ground to Huffington.

And by attacking the moderately conservative, pro-choice Huffington as "a radical right candidate" who "adamantly opposes a woman's right to choose," the letter could have an unanticipated consequence. Social conservatives, who were once hesitant about Huffington, may now conclude that if the left wing hates him that much, he must be a good guy.

Washington: Slade Gorton, the moderate Republican who has served two nonconsecutive terms in the Senate, got only 51 per cent last time, so he'll have to campaign hard. Still, he does have one slight edge: a 26-1 fund raising advantage over the best-financed Democrat in the September 20 all-party primary. A House race to watch is in the 5th district, where Speaker Tom Foley scored an anemic 55 per cent in 1992—a 21-point drop from his previous percentage.

—JOHN J. PITNEY JR.

John J. Pitney Jr. is associate professor of government at Claremont McKenna College and co-author of Congress' Permanent Minority? Republicans in the U.S. House.

TIONAL REVIEW—has been utterly ignored by the American media.

The top-secret files, which were unearthed by the *Sunday Times* itself, had gathered archival dust for some five decades. They confirm Sudoplatov's claim that Niels Bohr willingly provided valuable information on the U.S. nuclear program to Soviet agents. He did so in the course of two November 1945 meetings in Copenhagen.

The sessions were apparently orchestrated by NKVD chief Lavrenti Beria. The Soviet team, according to the documents, went to Copenhagen "under the pretense of a search for the scientific equipment taken by the Germans." The real purpose of the trip was to make contact with Bohr, "who was involved with the development of the atom bomb [and] has returned from the U.S.A. to Denmark."

A report on the meetings with Bohr went directly to Moscow. His comments were analyzed by top Soviet nuclear physicists, including Igor Kurchatov, who headed all Soviet nuclear research. They were then relayed—along with the physicists' analysis and a cover memo by Beria—to Stalin himself.

Two additional copies of the top-secret file appear to have been made. One was sent to the Secretariat of the NKVD. The second went to the NKVD's "Department S," which was headed by—guess whom?—Pavel Sudoplatov. Indeed, the Beria memo lists Sudoplatov by name as the "Officer in Charge." No one else received the Bohr file.

The Bohr Meetings

SUDOPLATOV discusses the Copenhagen sessions in *Special Tasks*. In fact, this section of the book drew special scorn from its critics.

Bohr's physicist-son, who acknowledges that the meetings took place and claims he attended them, insists his father gave the Soviets no help at all. Aage Bohr maintains his father cleverly deflected technical questions by insisting that he wasn't "acquainted with details."

But the Soviet documents—which make no reference to the younger Bohr—tell a very different story.

Niels Bohr, it seems, received two intelligence agents (one was also a

physicist) as well as an interpreter. The "comrades" appear to have had no difficulty finding the "appropriate channels" to make contact with Bohr. (According to Sudoplatov, the Communist daughter of a famous Finnish novelist served as the go-between. The NKVD documents are less specific.) At the first meeting, the eminent scientist was told by Yakov Terletsy—a nuclear physicist and an NKVD agent—that the latter considered it his duty, while in Copenhagen, to pay a visit to Bohr. Terletsy told Bohr that "his lectures are still warmly remembered at Moscow State University."

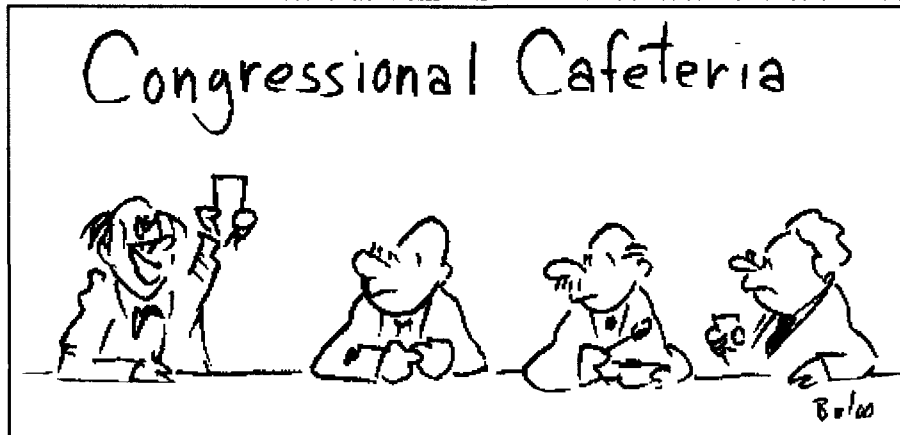
The visitors apparently did not tell the Dane that they had come to Copenhagen for the sole purpose of seeing him. In fact, the resort to flattery—along with a comment in Beria's cover memo to the effect that Bohr

Other physicists who have reviewed the documents concur with Hassard's assessment and believe, in fact, that a number of Bohr's replies would have been of significant and immediate assistance to Moscow.

In any event, at least half the questions, if not more, would have told anyone but an utter fool that this was no innocent inquiry by a visiting fellow scientist from a foreign land. And Niels Bohr was no fool.

Moreover, the very manner in which Bohr was approached—answering prepared questions is rather different from engaging in general discussion—has to have signaled him that he was the target of a deliberate effort by the Soviets to acquire information they didn't have, and couldn't otherwise get, about the U.S. atomic program.

Why was Bohr cooperative? The Soviets—or at least Beria et al—had



"I can out-tax and out-spend any man in the House!"

had been approached because of his "progressive views" and "strong support . . . for international exchange [of nuclear information]"—suggests that the eminent scientist wasn't a Communist, secret or otherwise, and hadn't provided classified information until then.

But the Soviets *had* come to the right place; Bohr endeavored to answer some 22 specific questions prepared by Kurchatov and his associates.

According to one British nuclear physicist cited in the *Sunday Times*, John Hassard of London's Imperial College, Bohr's comments to the Soviet agents were "quite indiscreet." Hassard goes on to note that the record of the meeting indicates "just how much information was getting to the Soviets . . . from establishment scientists like Bohr."

him pegged. There's ample evidence of Bohr's belief that America—for the sake of world peace—needed to share nuclear data with Moscow. During the war years, in fact, Bohr persisted in efforts to convert President Franklin Delano Roosevelt to this point of view.

Aage Bohr argues that the mere fact that his father told British intelligence of the November meetings proves nothing untoward took place. This, of course, is patent nonsense. Niels Bohr was no stranger to the ways of intelligence agencies. It's reasonable to assume that he recognized that the Soviet team might have been identified and followed in Allied-occupied Denmark. The best way for Bohr to indicate that he had nothing to hide would have been to report the contacts promptly. He did just that, suggesting that the Soviets had

tried—unsuccessfully—to draw information out of him.

Insofar as Sudoplatov produced his memoir without access to NKVD documents, the newly discovered files point to an extraordinary propensity for accuracy on his part. After all, the ex-general apparently relied solely on his memory, on a few stray papers still in his possession, and on conver-

sations with aging former comrades. Thus his now-validated treatment of the Bohr episode—which took place nearly fifty years ago—is striking.

A sense of honor, one might hope, would prompt critics who took part in the effort to destroy *Special Tasks* at least to note the new evidence. Thus far, however, the Bohr files have been greeted with silence. □

The GOP's Urban Guerrillas

RIGHTING CITY HALL

Fed-up urban voters are suddenly turning to Republicans with fresh ideas. Can they deliver?

WILLIAM D. EGGERS

EVER SINCE the Depression, Jersey City's mayors had always been Democrats. The Democratic machine built by Mayor Frank Hague had such a solid lock on city hall that when Republican Bret Schundler decided to run for mayor in 1992, he couldn't find any other qualified Republicans to put on his election slate. Yet Schundler won, by challenging business as usual and promising an innovative, entrepreneurial approach to local government.

Republicans have a tough time overcoming the perception—partly justified—that they do not understand or care about urban problems. This perception has translated into Democratic dominance in mayoral races and a roughly 2 to 1 urban margin for Democrats in presidential elections. But Schundler's victory and the arrival of Republican mayors in several other cities that had long been controlled by Democrats offer hope that the GOP, long the party of suburbia, is ready to seize the urban agenda.

The last two years' mayoral elections produced the largest turnover of

big-city mayors in decades. Republicans now run five of the country's twelve largest cities, including New York City and Los Angeles. Young GOP radicals also captured city hall in several medium-sized, heavily Democratic cities, including Jersey City, Dayton, and Raleigh.

To be sure, the GOP doesn't have a patent on reform-minded mayors. Democrats like Cleveland's Michael White, Milwaukee's John Norquist, and Philadelphia's Edward Rendell are downsizing government, privatizing, and facing down powerful city unions. But if the GOP's new urban guerrillas can show that market-oriented solutions are the best way to save America's cities, then pulling the voting lever for Republicans may cease to be such an alien experience for urbanites. "Residents of cities have seen one set of failed policies for the last twenty to thirty years," says Republican Mayor Stephen Goldsmith of Indianapolis. "We now have the opportunity to show them that you can be a conservative, populist Republican and improve the quality of life for *all* citizens of the city."

The GOP's emerging urban strategy aims to create opportunities for the

urban underclass and to stem the continuing exodus of business and middle-class taxpayers to the suburbs. It focuses on stronger, more self-reliant neighborhoods, safer streets, less bureaucracy, lower taxes, less regulation, and better schools. Most important to the GOP's urban future are New York's Rudolph Giuliani and L.A.'s Richard Riordan, because they represent the nation's two largest cities, and Goldsmith and Schundler, because they have the most radical reform agendas.

Robomayor

ELECTED in 1992, Stephen Goldsmith has been fundamentally restructuring city hall. The 44-year-old mayor's smarts and relentless drive have inspired one local writer to dub him "Robomayor." Each week Goldsmith spends a few hours seeking cost-cutting ideas by working alongside city employees. He has been seen filling potholes, issuing business licenses, and walking the beat.

Goldsmith teaches a graduate course on public policy one night a week at Indiana University, and he has given privatization tutorials for Giuliani, Riordan, and Schundler. A free-market true believer ("Only reforms that tap the competitive power of the marketplace will make government more efficient"), Goldsmith has created what he calls a "marketplace for municipal services."

Nearly every city-hall function—from pothole repair to job training for welfare recipients—is open to competition from private firms. Next in line: the Indianapolis airport. Ending the government's monopoly on various services is saving the city about \$28 million annually and has turned the typical city-hall incentives upside down. The city's public-works department, trying to compete with private road-repair firms, insisted that it needed only four men on a crew instead of eight. Already the number of non-public-safety employees has been slashed by 28 per cent, and Goldsmith insists he's just getting started.

Fierce free-marketeers now reign in the Indianapolis bureaucracy. "You need to start with a clear commitment and bring in people who share your commitment," says the mayor. "Otherwise, by the time you drop two

Mr. Eggers is director of the Reason Foundation's Privatization Center.

Why Are Catholics Afraid To Be Catholic?



The Vatican thunders against abortion, tyrants, illicit sex, consumerism, dissenting theologians, disobedient priests and nuns, and more. But walk into your average parish. Where's the beef? We get crumbs — and platitudes. We don't hear much, if anything, about the Church's teachings on abortion, euthanasia, homosexuality, pre-marital sex, pornography, the indissolubility of marriage — "too controversial." Birth control and Hell are taboo subjects. Pop psychology and feel-good theology are "in." Sin is "out," prompting one to wonder why Christ bothered to get crucified.

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to three levels, you can't even recognize what you first proposed." Running half his departments are management whiz kids Goldsmith plucked from private industry. They wax enthusiastic about performance-based accounting, performance measurement, and activity-based costing. Savings from increased efficiency, including savings generated by competition, have reached almost \$100 million a year.

Even the Police Department—typically Republicans' favorite bureaucracy—has felt the squeeze. "The police department was developed over a

ects—which would have given the residents more control—was quashed by vehement opposition from the residents themselves.

What went wrong? "Over time, all governments, including Indianapolis, have essentially taken the place of the private leadership of neighborhoods," says Goldsmith. When the government leaves, there's nothing to fill the gap.

But Goldsmith isn't giving up. He has brought in Robert Woodson's National Center for Neighborhood Enterprise to train neighborhood leaders and has opened a neighborhood

and end up having a four-hour debate," says Riordan's chief of staff, Bill McCarley.

So Riordan is focusing on three simple goals: increasing public safety, boosting government efficiency, and improving L.A.'s business climate.

A favorite pastime of America's mayors over the past three decades or so has been spending taxpayer money to build convention centers and stadiums or to subsidize huge downtown development projects. This Field of Dreams strategy—"If we build it, they will come"—usually goes wrong. L.A.'s new convention center (built for half a billion dollars under Mayor Tom Bradley) is a case in point. "Every time I drive by it I hear a giant sucking sound," says Deputy Mayor Michael Keeley.

Riordan, the former venture capitalist, doesn't believe the city should try to replace private investors. Rather, he is trying to persuade them that L.A. is worth investing in, by easing the local regulatory and tax burdens. "L.A.'s government has increasingly become the enemy of business," he says. "It's like being in a Communist country." Opening a business in L.A. requires dozens of permits and often a paid lobbyist to assist in navigating the city-hall bureaucracy. Riordan has charged a high-profile task force with overhauling this process. The City Council recently cut L.A.'s business-tax surcharge in half (Riordan had proposed abolishing it), and the mayor has refused to consider tax hikes.

To increase efficiency, Riordan has proposed privatizing various city-run enterprises, including golf courses, building maintenance, and some trash collection. Before he had even made his first privatization proposal, however, a majority of the City Council had lined up to oppose him, and Riordan has not, so far, shown much enthusiasm for this fight. Already, big-ticket items like L.A. International Airport have been relegated to the back burner.

This lack of determination could hurt Riordan where he has more at stake: the crime front. During his campaign he pledged not to seek reelection if he didn't put three thousand more cops on the streets. Scrambling to meet the pledge without raising taxes, he is moving some cops from desk jobs to the streets and putting civilians behind the desks,



forty-year period as a control organization with layers and layers of supervision," Goldsmith says. "The pyramid has to be turned upside down. Officers need to be rewarded for risk taking." Accordingly, the mayor has shaved off layers of bureaucracy, instituted community policing that emphasizes solving neighborhood problems rather than reacting to them, privatized a crime-analysis unit, and pushed authority down to the officer on the beat. The restructuring has led to some middle-management griping, but crime dropped by almost 7 per cent last year.

Goldsmith has run into a snag, however, in his attempt to get neighborhoods, churches, and community organizations to pick up the slack from his downsized government. Efforts to contract with neighborhood groups and churches to maintain local parks have generated little interest from either. A proposal to privatize two of the city's most troubled public-housing proj-

training center. And his \$500-million capital-improvement program is designed to give preferences to inner-city communities that help themselves by rehabilitating abandoned houses, cleaning parks and alleys, and painting houses.

The Millionaire Reformer

RICHARD RIORDAN is the first Republican mayor of Los Angeles since the Fifties. More cautious than Goldsmith, he has shied away from confronting entrenched interests at city hall. Then again, L.A.'s mayoralty is not nearly as strong as Indianapolis's. Lacking the power even to appoint his own department directors and needing the approval of a liberal City Council for almost all important measures, the mayor must govern by persuasion and negotiation rather than fiat. "In L.A., the mayor could probably propose a resolution honoring motherhood and apple pie

buying back some holidays and time off, increasing overtime for current officers, and transferring revenue from other departments. But with each officer costing \$75,000 a year, to come anywhere near his promise the mayor will need to find a lot of cash fast. Privatizing LAX would help.

Tough Talk in New York

CONSERVATIVES who expected a Rockefeller Republican have been pleasantly surprised by Rudolph Giuliani. The Big Apple's most reform-minded mayor since before World War II, Giuliani has turned a fiscal crisis into an opportunity.

Starting with a \$2.3-billion deficit, Giuliani has the best chance since the near-bankruptcy of 1974 to overhaul one of the country's most bloated bureaucracies. His budget, the first in 16 years that is smaller than the previous one, calls for \$200 million in union benefit concessions and \$1.2 billion in spending cuts, including reductions totaling 15,000 municipal

workers. Setting an example, Giuliani has eliminated more than 130 positions from his own office.

And the mayor is determined not to back down from pledges to privatize city services. These include custodial services for the public schools, where a custodian can earn \$60,000 a year cleaning buildings a few days a week. The city-owned classical radio station and the United Nations Plaza Hotel will be sold to the highest bidder.

A good start. But some analysts say the bureaucracy is so thick that another 30,000 to 50,000 positions could be eliminated with ease. Several days after reporting to Giuliani the number of administrative personnel at central headquarters, the city's Department of Education suddenly "found" another 3,500 bureaucrats.

Giuliani's top priorities, meanwhile, are reducing crime and addressing public-safety-related "quality of life" issues. The mayor is determined to crack down on the squeegee wielders who harass motorists, the beggars who badger pedestrians, and the "taggers" who deface buildings. His new

police chief, William Bratton, was formerly head of the New York City Transit Authority's police force, where he cleaned up the subway system by declaring war on graffiti, mugging, and aggressive panhandling.

"With Rudy and Bratton, New York City has the two strongest criminal-justice people working side by side of any city in America," claims senior advisor Richard Schwartz. But if New York cops are going to be tougher under Giuliani, they aren't going to be leaner. While other unions took hits, the police kept their unlimited sick leave and 20-minute wash-up time.

With only 3 per cent of the country's population, meanwhile, New York City accounted for 20 per cent of all job losses during the last recession. To calm the stampeding businessmen, Giuliani needs to free up the economy. "Nearly everything is illegal in New York City," says longtime city-hall watcher Fred Siegel, former editor of *City Journal*. "You have to purchase the right to do anything." Giuliani has pledged to reduce or eliminate some of the city's 28 different taxes, and he

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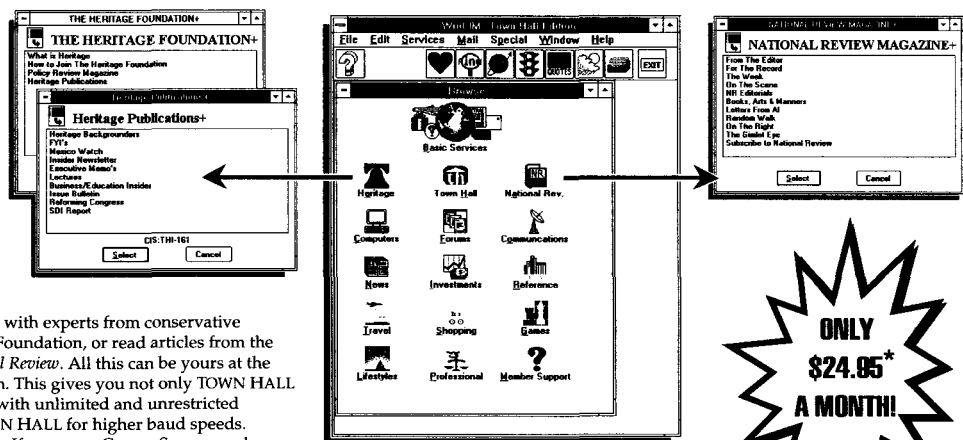
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has already proposed about \$1 billion in tax cuts over the next four years. But in a city where residents pay 40 per cent more than the national average in state and local taxes, that should be just the beginning.

Anti-Politician's Politician

BRET SCHUNDLER'S election as mayor of multi-ethnic Jersey City is the most remarkable of the GOP's recent victories. Running on a platform of tax cuts, school choice, and community policing, the white Wall Street financial analyst received 68 per cent of the vote, including 40 per cent of the black vote and 60 per cent of the Hispanic vote, in a city where only 6 per cent of registered voters are Republicans.

In office a little over 21 months, Schundler has already reduced the city's portion of property-tax rates by 29 per cent, wiping out the effect of large tax hikes recently enacted by the county and the school board. "Jersey City homeowners have been accustomed to having taxes go up every year," says Joseph W. Hottendorf, executive vice president of the Hudson County Board of Realtors. "It was like death: something that was bound to happen. Bret Schundler has changed people's expectations."

It is Schundler's school-choice platform, however, that has gained him serious national attention. Unlike most big-city mayors, Schundler has been willing to take on the teachers unions. "You can't ever effect a revolution if you leave power in the hands of politicians," he says. Schundler, who is aggressively lobbying the state legislature, hopes to have the country's first city-wide school-choice program in place by the fall of 1995.

Like Giuliani, Schundler believes that fear of crime is closely connected with a sense of disorder, the feeling that no one is in control. To bring order to Jersey City's mean streets, Schundler is going after graffiti and litter, but with a twist. Rather than turning the task over to city bureaucrats, he is letting the residents of each neighborhood pick the firm they think will get the job done best.

Unlike Mayor Riordan, Schundler has enough cops. With 860 officers, Jersey City has nearly as many as Indianapolis, which has 500,000 more people and 85 more square miles to

patrol. Yet the policemen in Jersey City's patronage-laden department never seem to be around when you need them. Before Schundler took office, there were no officers on foot patrol (now there are 70), and the number of police cars cruising the city on a typical night was dangerously low. "If they were properly deployed, we would have enough police officers to have one guy walking in front of each house in Jersey City every 15 minutes," says Schundler's chief of staff, Michael Cook.

To realize his goal of 300 officers on foot patrol, Schundler will have to impose his will on a resistant Police Department. He wants to turn dozens of positions over to civilians, privatize some police functions, and set up 133 community-based police districts where foot-patrol officers will be directly accountable to neighborhood committees. Police on night patrol now talk daily to a designated neighborhood resident, who informs them about any problems. "They'll fight me today but thank me later," Schundler says. "When you put a cop back in one neighborhood, he knows that he's not

accountable to the whole world—just to that community's residents."

The Coming Revolution

IF A GOP urban revolution takes place, it will be in Indianapolis or Jersey City, not in L.A. or New York. While Riordan and Giuliani are both moving in the right direction, the liberal opposition is firmly entrenched. "What Giuliani has to fight against is so much more formidable than anywhere else, he could be the best mayor in the country and still not be a national innovator," says Fred Siegel. Ditto for Riordan, though Giuliani has so far seemed more willing to take on the status quo.

But thanks to these new mayors—shortfalls and backsliding and all—the GOP now has a visionary message to offer on how to rejuvenate urban America. Unfortunately, few national Republicans have shown much interest in picking up the message and convincing urban America's predominantly minority residents that Republicans really care. This is an opportunity too important to squander. □

If You Can't Beat 'Em . . .

THE GREENING OF AMERICAN FAITH

Yes, man is responsible for his use of the Earth.
But to whom is he responsible—God or Gaia?

ROBERT A. SIRICO

MANY religious Americans encountered a strange beast during the octave of Earth Day this year. At weekend services, in place of some traditional prayers, they were asked to pay homage to the earth, sky, and animals.

One prayer resolved that "we must say, do, and be everything possible to realize the goal of the environmental Sabbath: an ecological society. . . . We cannot let our mother die. We must love and replenish her."

Another prayer, this one from the Iroquois, begins, "We return thanks to our mother, the earth which sustains us. We return thanks to all the herbs, which furnish medicines for the cure of our diseases. We return thanks to the corn, and to her sisters, the beans and the squashes."

These prayers came courtesy of the

Fr. Sirico is president of the Acton Institute for the Study of Religion and Liberty in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

National Religious Partnerships for the Environment, which, as part of a \$4.5-million interfaith effort, distributed environmental-awareness kits to 53,000 evangelical, mainline Protestant, and Roman Catholic congregations (the Jewish version apparently wasn't ready in time for Earth Day). Included in the kits were liturgy suggestions from the National Council of Churches, including litanies, Scripture passages, and hymn titles for a complete worship service.

Even the U.S. Catholic Conference took part, issuing its own monograph for Earth Day, entitled "Renewing the Face of the Earth." (It can at least be said that the bishops' package was better than some; for example, it revived St. Francis's theocentric prayer, "Canticle of the Sun.")

There was a time when secular liberalism was partially defined by its desire to separate religion from politics, a separation that has been largely accomplished. Now we are in the midst of an interesting new trend. Secular liberalism seems to be trying to recapture religion for its own uses, and the environment seems to be the main focus of attention.

Astronomer Carl Sagan, a declared atheist, has issued an urgent plea for an "uncommon marriage between science and religion" to help solve environmental problems. Matthew Fox, author of *The Coming of the Cosmic Christ*, describes the Earth as a kind of Christ figure and dismisses as "Christofascism" any theology that views Jesus' personhood as a unique revelation. He urges Christians to move beyond a theology based on sin and redemption and develop a Creation spirituality with nature as our primary revelation.

Meanwhile, the ecological movement has spawned a revival of pagan Earth worship in the form of Gaia, a concept first advanced by atmospheric scientist James Lovelock more than twenty years ago. The basic premise of Gaian theory is that the Earth itself is a superorganism that is both living and divine.

There are disagreements about whether Gaia is a religion or a scientific theory (though the Gaia Institute even commissioned a complete choral Mass entitled "Missa Gaia"). Certainly its religious aspect has found followers in spiritual feminist circles attracted to the idea of Mother Earth or an

Earth goddess. For example, Rowena Pattee Kryder, of the California Institute of Integral Studies in San Francisco, explains how Gaia communicates with us, her children. If we are addicted and confused, Gaia sends us earthquakes, floods, and tornadoes to force us to reassess our values.

Man Shall Have No Dominion

THE CURRENT trend began some three decades ago with historians and scientists claiming that Christianity itself was dangerous to the environment.

In Genesis, after God created man and woman in His image, he blessed them with the words: "Be fertile and multiply; fill the Earth and subdue it. Have dominion over the fish of the sea, the birds of the air, and all the living things that move on this Earth" (Gen. 1:28). This is the first charge, long before the Fall, and it was given to human beings directly by God.

After God had created the Earth for man's sake, that is, He created man to till the soil. It was an explicit command to mix labor with God's Creation so as to improve upon what appears in a pure state of nature. God's covenant with Adam *required* him to exercise dominion over the Earth.

In 1967, at the American Association for the Advancement of Science, historian Lynn White presented a paper entitled "The Historic Roots of Our Ecologic Crisis." In it he said that this teaching in Genesis is the root cause of environmental degradation.

Vice President Al Gore devoted an entire chapter of his book, *Earth in the Balance*, to "Environmentalism of the Spirit," in which he poses a sobering question, and answers it himself. "When giving us dominion over the Earth, did God choose an appropriate technology? . . . The jury is still out." The jury is out on Whom?

The UN-sponsored Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro in 1992 was a high point in this trend toward the fusion of environmentalism and religion. Indeed, Brazilian evangelicals were largely responsible for the environmentalist summit's taking place. At one point during the meeting, a sizable contingent from the United Church of Christ held a demonstration with members of other denominations and opened with the traditional hymn, "Were You There

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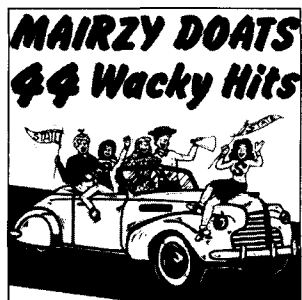
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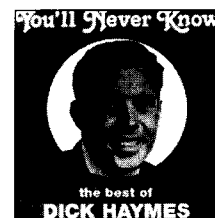
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When They Crucified My Lord?"—substituting "Earth" for "Lord."

Mortal Sin?

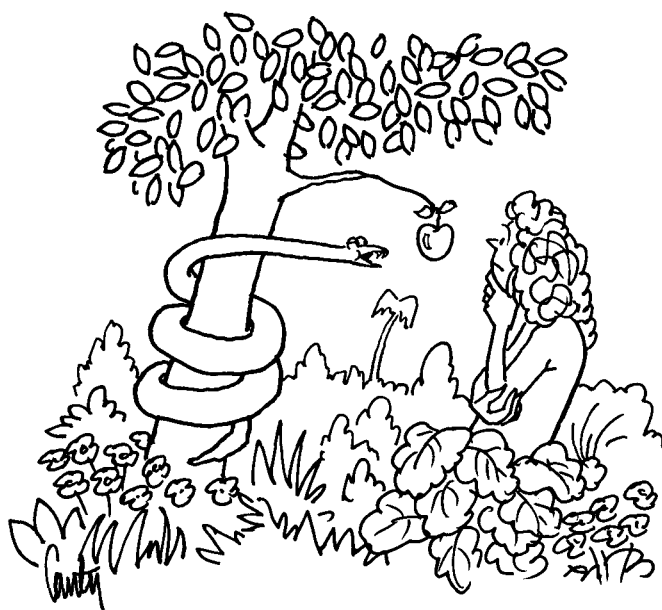
THE evangelical environmental writer Loren Wilkinson provides a good starting point for an analysis of the Green religion. He argues that Christians need to develop a more thorough doctrine of Creation, one that would lead us to "restore our proper relationship to the Earth, and make it one of mutual blessing." He says our present ecological troubles are "due rather to our sinful use of and relationship to the Earth than to any malfunction of the created order as such."

The first question to ask of this philosophy is: What constitutes a sinful use of the Earth? Mr. Wilkinson says the problem is that the United States is overdeveloped: "The tragedy is that the standard of 'development' to which those billions [of people in the Third World] aspire is set by us in the 'developed' world." He says Christians should be committed to limiting population growth and slowing down development or, in the jargon of the day, establishing sustainable development, which seems to mean no development at all. "Crucial as the population issue is, in the wealthy world it is often used as a way of avoiding an even more serious and immediate problem: the high consumption rates of North Americans," Mr. Wilkinson writes. "A child born into an average American family will use up to fifty times as many of the Earth's goods—and leave at least that much more in waste—as a child born into a poor family in the developing world."

This is not necessarily a case for Americans to renounce materialism. Let us not mistake this view for a reiteration of Pope John Paul II's point in *Centesimus Annus* that a person's material desires must be subordinated to his intellectual and spiritual dimensions. Instead, Mr. Wilkinson seems to

view human beings—or at any rate human beings engaged in any activity but subsistence farming or herding—as despoilers.

The puzzle is that Jews and Christians, whose Scriptures teach a very different view of man's place in the world, would sign on to such a movement. Back in 1991, the U.S. Catholic Bishops wrote that the Church "continues to oppose coercive methods of population control and programs that bias decisions through incentives or disincentives. . . . Respect for nature ought to encourage policies that promote natural family planning and true responsible parenthood rather than coercive population control programs or incentives for birth control that violate cultural norms and Catholic teaching." However, by ac-



"I can assure you that the nutritional values far outweigh the risks."

cepting the package put out by the National Religious Partnerships for the Environment (even with modifications for the better), they implicitly accept the opposite view.

Thou Shalt Not Mix Trash

WHERE does nature fit into the primary obligations of a theologically informed civic life? The goal of life is to attain salvation through faith and the avoidance of sin. To avoid sin, we must obey God's law. His Ten Commandments, and Jesus' summary of them into two, are the basis of our understanding of what this requires. There is no com-

mandment against polluting or mixing trash—that is taken care of by civil law—but there is a very straightforward one about worshipping false gods.

As for the role of faith in public life and politics, in both the Jewish and the Christian traditions the goal has been to improve life—not primarily for plants and animals, but for human beings. Economic growth is not merely a matter of material goods. It also fosters a more humane existence. Furthermore, as an empirical matter, the environment is far cleaner where economies are free. One need only think of the terrible ecological problems that Russia and most of its former satellites endure as a result of their years under collectivist ownership of the means of production, including the land.

In the contest between famine and productivity, productivity is winning. World agricultural productivity has tripled in the last thirty years, according to Dennis Avery, director of the Center for Global Food Issues at the Hudson Institute. Human ingenuity has invented several ways to increase crop yield dramatically and at the same time protect farmland. Agricultural researchers have made tremendous strides in high-yield farming and the breeding of better crop varieties, which allows farmers to raise more food on less acreage. New methods of tillage, meanwhile, have

drastically reduced soil erosion.

Surely there are good and bad ways to till and keep. There are ways that are more pleasing to God, and that have a regard for the essential *telos* or end for which the material world was made. The land should not be permanently injured so that it cannot produce for future generations, and one must be careful not to inflict unnecessary pain on any of God's creatures. The well-informed conscience can discern the difference.

Still, the Biblical account is clear on the central point that environmentalists find so scandalous: The Earth was a gift from God for our use. We cannot separate man from his surroundings,

from nature, from the environment. It is just not part of the Judaeo-Christian understanding to say that nature in itself has an independent and metaphysical right to be left alone, to be preserved and even adored for reasons other than its usefulness to man.

Capturing the Low Ground

CHRISTIANS and Jews should indeed be involved in the ecological movement. We should strive to preserve the beauty of the Earth for future generations of men and women—but not for the sake of an ethic that mistakenly places a

higher value on material things than on people. The authentic Judaeo-Christian viewpoint is sadly missing from today's public-policy debates. Religious environmentalists are too willing to bend their faith in order to please those who place the Earth, as opposed to man, at the center of God's Creation.

The Earth liturgies of the National Religious Partnerships have done little to clarify this issue and much to confuse it. Unless orthodox believers are willing to confront the religious Greens openly, our defenses will be down when Earth Day is proposed and accepted as a holy day of obligation. □

Antipodean Economics

UP FROM DOWN UNDER

After a century of socialism, Australia and New Zealand are cutting back government and freeing their economies.

N. R. EVANS

ON JULY 4, 1776, the Continental Congress, assembled in Philadelphia, issued the Declaration of Independence, addressed to "the opinions of mankind." Just six years earlier, Lieutenant James Cook had charted the islands of New Zealand and then, sailing westward, discovered the eastern coast of Australia. Reaching the entrance to Torres Strait on August 22, 1770, he "once more hoisted English Coulers, and in the name of His Majesty King George the Third took possession of the whole eastern coast from the latitude of 38 degrees south down to this place by the name of New South Wales."

Australia and New Zealand are, like Canada and the United States, planets spun off from the British Isles, and their settlement was closely bound up with the birth of the United States. But while the U.S. was

founded on principles of limited government, from which it only gradually moved away, socialism set the course in Australia and New Zealand early on. Only in the last decade or so have the costs of that course become clear, prompting a series of reforms that have curtailed the government's role in the economies of the two Southwest Pacific countries.

Many of the nineteenth-century settlers in New Zealand and Australia were Chartists or other reformers determined to establish a society free of the faults (as they saw them) of the Britain they had left behind. So New Zealand was, for example, the first country to give women the vote. Socialist ideas gained official endorsement in the antipodes before they did anywhere else in the English-speaking world. In New Zealand before World War I, "socialism without doctrines" became the slogan, and in Australia "state socialism" was explicitly implemented by conservative governments

at the state and federal levels. In each country government became the owner (often monopoly owner) and operator of railroads, telephone systems, electricity supply networks, ports and harbors, forests and forestry industries, water supply and sewage systems, primary and secondary schools, hospitals, funeral parlors, butcher shops, fishing boats, gambling facilities, radio and TV networks, airlines, and banks. New Zealand led the world in providing tax-financed pensions for the elderly, the disabled, the unemployed, the widowed, etc.

Australia and New Zealand were able to carry the burden of socialism for so many decades because by the end of the nineteenth century their citizens had the highest per-capita incomes in the world. This prosperity was based on producing commodities—gold, silver, base metals, wool, wheat, frozen meat, dairy products, hides, tallow—for the metropolitan markets, mostly in Britain. But both countries eventually had to deal with the consequences of government ownership, regulation, and income redistribution.

Until the 1960s New Zealanders retained a high position on the world's per-capita-income ladder, despite the government's large role in the economy, and despite a system of social-service payments that would quickly have bankrupted most societies. It was not until British entry into the European Common Market (which eventually meant the loss of the British market for meat and dairy products) and the oil shocks of the Seventies that the heavy cost of "socialism without doctrines," highly restrictive capital and foreign-exchange controls, and rampant protectionism became manifest to almost everybody in New Zealand. By 1982 New Zealand was the lowest in per-capita income of all the developed nations surveyed by the World Bank. During the Sixties and Seventies, the country saw its best and brightest emigrate in large numbers to Australia and the UK. Inflation increased from 2 per cent in 1965 to 17 per cent in 1982. At the same time, annual balance-of-payments deficits rose from 0 to 13 per cent of GDP.

Australia went down a similar road but not quite as far or as fast. The influence of British socialist ideas on the Australian political elites was appar-

Mr. Evans is an executive with an Australian mining company.

ent in protectionist measures, heavy regulation (particularly labor-market regulation of byzantine complexity), and government ownership and control of many industries. Australia was luckier than New Zealand, benefiting from a series of spectacular oil and mineral discoveries in the 1960s. The exploitation of these new finds of oil, iron ore, aluminum, base metal, uranium, and coal kept Australia prosperous for another two decades. What had been the primary source of Australia's wealth for more than a century, the wool clip, became just another export commodity. Nevertheless, by the end of the Seventies Australia's

Muldoon was a short, ugly man with a pot belly and a capacity for ferocious rhetoric, sometimes of remarkable crudity. He was a drunk, a bully, and a fornicator, and his economic policies were disastrous. In response to the contractions imposed on New Zealand by the sharp increase in the world price of oil, Muldoon decided to stimulate the economy by financing, at the taxpayers' expense, a massive program of industrial development known as "Think Big." Think Big projects included New Zealand Steel, Petrocorp, New Zealand Synthetic Fuels Corporation, and the Marsden Point Refinery. These investments be-

man to the great man. During Muldoon's reign, the left wing of the Labour Party had taken refuge in foreign-affairs debates. For them the big issues were what to do about Palestine and how best to bring down President Reagan. Finding solutions to New Zealand's grievous economic problems had been left to Labour's shadow finance minister, Roger Douglas, who had, in a dour, Scottish, and rather shy way, been undergoing a slow but profound conversion to an economic view of the world based on free markets and private property. In 1980 Douglas wrote a book called *There's Got to Be a Better Way*. The book was basically ignored, since it was considered too far removed from the daily stress of survival under Piggy Muldoon to be worth discussing. This was probably a good thing.

In office Douglas, under the uncomprehending gaze of Prime Minister David Lange, launched a program of reform the speed and scope of which caught everyone by surprise. He floated the New Zealand dollar, lifted all financial controls, deregulated the banking industry, eliminated all agricultural subsidies, removed all quantitative restrictions on imports, and began phasing out tariffs. He allowed foreign competition in services such as banking and airlines, initiated a massive program of privatization of government-owned industries, and introduced a 10 per cent sales tax on all goods and services, reducing the top marginal rate of income tax from 66 to 33 per cent. He set the Reserve Bank of New Zealand on an anti-inflationary course and thus prepared the ground for passage of the 1989 Reserve Bank Act, which gave the central bank the single mission of stabilizing inflation.

These reforms, one after the other, were bitterly opposed by the chattering classes in the universities, the churches, and the media. Douglas kept the Left at bay, however, by silently supporting the New Zealand ban on U.S. warships, and he could lay claim to Labour Party legitimacy on the grounds that his reforms were designed to end the undeserved benefits of privilege and connections. He sustained the momentum into the Lange government's second term in office. (The party won the 1987 elections with an increased majority despite, or perhaps because of, a first term of fast



per-capita income had begun to decline. At first the decline was relative, but during the Eighties it became absolute.

Think Big?

MANY economists, particularly those attached to Buchananite theories of public choice, are deeply suspicious of "great man" theories of political and social change. Human nature is a constant, they believe, and political change can come only as the result of unanticipated or irresistible economic forces. But the story of change in New Zealand is evidence in favor of both the "great man" and the "appalling man" theories. The appalling man was Sir Robert "Piggy" Muldoon, leader of the National Party, who was prime minister and minister of finance from 1975 to 1984.

came known as "Sink Big," as they laid a massive debt burden on New Zealanders (\$2,500 per capita annually). At the same time, the government introduced or tightened wage, price, foreign-exchange, and investment controls.

Muldoon's policies put the New Zealand Labour Party in an uncomfortable position. Here was the leader of their political foe, the party of the conservative farmers and the small-business sector, engaging in policies of state socialism which they fully supported. But at the same time he was a man who aroused deep fear or disgust (or both) in every decent person who crossed his path. In June 1984, after another severe foreign-exchange crisis, Muldoon announced a snap election. New Zealanders are very decent, civilized people, and they gave a landslide victory to the opposition Labour Party.

Now we move from the appalling

and furious reform.) His reform program became known as Rogernomics, and it is now accepted by a large majority of New Zealanders as the natural order of things, although it was bitterly opposed at every stage by the leftist elites.

In December 1987, grappling with the aftermath of the October 1987 stock-market crash, Douglas sought to restore business confidence by recommending, among other things, a second round of tax cuts. He proposed reducing the income-tax and corporate-tax rates to a uniform 25 per cent, a proposal that outraged the Left. Douglas went off to London for a two-week break at Christmas, and while he was away Prime Minister Lange's nerve cracked. Lange went on television without consulting his cabinet, announced that there would be a pause in the reform program (it was "time for a tea break"), and criticized Douglas's tax-cut proposal.

From that moment the Lange government was finished. Douglas returned from London to a major and debilitating row. He resigned as finance minister a year later, briefly took on a junior ministerial post, and then went to the back bench. Lange was forced soon after to resign the prime ministership, and his successor, Geoffrey Palmer, was savaged at the polls in 1990. The new prime minister was National Party Leader Jim Bolger, a likable Catholic family man, and his finance minister was a tough, diminutive, Thatcherite lady named Ruth Richardson. She was determined to follow the Douglas model of rapid reform.

One area Douglas had been unable to touch was New Zealand's labor-market laws, because the trade-union influence within the Labour Party was too powerful. Unemployment climbed during the reform period because the labor market was rigidly constrained. In 1991 the Bolger government passed the Employment Contracts Act, which largely returned freedom of contract to participants in the work force. After three years, this new freedom is beginning to show results. Productivity has risen, industrial disputes have vanished from the private sector, and unemployment (despite massive shedding of labor in featherbedded industries) has fallen from nearly 11 per cent to 9 per cent. The export sector has diversified and flourished.

Business investment (much of it from Australia) is booming, and business confidence is buoyant.

The Bolger government has also had success in controlling New Zealand's budget deficits. Miss Richardson cut spending, against the inclinations and machinations of undisciplined cabinet colleagues. For her important and dogged contribution, she was dropped as finance minister after Bolger scraped back into office in the 1993 election.

Bloodless Revolution

IN FOUR YEARS Roger Douglas and his small band of close allies reversed nearly a century of "socialism without doctrines" with a minimum of upheaval and pain. In response, the chattering classes have complained bitterly about "elected dictatorships." New Zealand's system of government had always relied not on institutional checks and balances but on the unconstrained discretion of sovereign Parliaments, legitimized by election, to repeal legislation and change course. The country's "first past the post" electoral system magnified the mood of the electorate and fixed responsibility for national affairs on a well-defined group of people: the prime minister, his cabinet, and their parliamentary supporters. These people had to defend their policies in Parliament daily and then submit to the judgment of the citizenry every three years.

After two referendums, in 1992 and 1993, New Zealanders agreed to switch from their system of first-past-the-post, single-member constituencies to a system that combines single-member constituencies (half the Parliament) with at-large seats filled by candidates chosen from party tickets. The number of at-large party nominees is determined by the overall percentages obtained. Critics of economic liberalization believe the new system will force the government to assemble formal coalitions, making it impossible for a future minister to carry out a fast-track reform program like Roger Douglas's of 1984 to 1988.

Douglas himself does not share this view. After resigning from Parliament in 1990, he wrote another book, *Unfinished Business*, and is building an organization called the Association of Consumers and Taxpayers (ACT).

His ambition is to turn New Zealand into a Southwest Pacific version of Hong Kong, an economic miracle based on low taxes (specifically, zero income tax), sound money, secure property rights, an end to socialist welfarism—in short, an historic shrinkage in the role of government in economic life. If the new electoral arrangements help Douglas emerge in the new Parliament as a major figure with substantial backing, then instead of seeing growth figures on the order of 5 per cent (an Asian tiger in a poor year), New Zealanders can look forward to 10 per cent.

Hawkish for Labor

ROGER DOUGLAS was a Labour Party man with a pedigree of unrivaled purity. But Douglas aroused deep distrust in the Australian Labor Party governments led by Bob Hawke and Paul Keating.

Bob Hawke had entered the Federal Parliament after a long career in the trade-union movement. He had given up drinking in order to achieve his political ambitions, but unlike Prince Hal, who on becoming King Henry V spurned his former companions, Hawke inaugurated a syndicalist regime. The Australian Council of Trade Unions, over which Hawke used to preside, became a partner in government and had veto power over every major government decision, including budget deliberations.

In return, the ACTU suppressed wage demands and used the system of wage regulation to reduce real wages in Australia during the 1980s. The trade-union movement began to resemble more and more the medieval Church, with legal privileges and monopoly powers enjoyed by no other institution in the land. The labor market was subject to increasing regulatory intrusions and distortions, and unemployment ratcheted upward. Joblessness became endemic among young people, particularly the unskilled and those without connections.

Yet the Hawke government, with Finance Minister Paul Keating taking the lead, did deregulate the banking and financial industries. Beginning in December 1983, the government let in foreign banks, lifted controls on transborder movements of capital, and largely abandoned attempts to control interest rates for particular classes of

borrowers. These reforms went a long way toward opening up Australia's economy to world markets and competitive pressures. The Hawke government also cut away at protectionism. This reform, which has been strongly supported by the opposition, reverses ninety years of self-inflicted impoverishment through tariffs and import quotas. The ACTU has supported the gradual but steady move to free trade and in doing so has prepared the way for its own demise.

For now, however, the ACTU is firmly in control. To an American, accustomed to a relatively free labor market, the Australian system of labor regulation is incomprehensible. The government regulates wages according to detailed classifications of skill and profession, and it dictates rules for leave provisions (including parental leave), hours of working, rosters, tea breaks, shift-work and penalty rates, on-the-job training, superannuation payments, and re-trenchment benefits. Such a degree of control requires an expensive bureaucracy, and the compliance cost for businesses is high. This regulatory apparatus has become so burdensome that in many rural areas, where economic conditions in recent times have been very tough, illegal and unwritten contracts are now commonplace. They are honored because everyone understands that observing the statutory law would bankrupt most farmers.

This whole complex edifice of monopoly unions, quasi-judicial labor-market regulators, employer organizations, industrial advocates, and ACTU-government partnerships will eventually collapse under the pressure of international competition. But a million unemployed and a similar number of underemployed (in a working-age population of just over ten million) provide tragic testimony to the power of syndicalist ideas to wreck people's lives.

Whose Land?

A NEW threat to Australia's prosperity has emerged in recent years. In June 1992, the High Court of Australia denounced the legal basis of Australian settlement, the doctrine of "*terra nullius*" ("no one's land") and thus overturned the law of property as it had developed since 1788. The decision grew

out of a movement to rewrite the history of contact between European settlers and Aborigines in Australia as a story of unending resistance and warfare by Aborigines against the Europeans. The revisionists highlight massacres and cruelties while denigrating every government attempt to improve the lot of Aborigines. Thus the High Court's opinion referred to "the conflagration of oppression and conflict which . . . spread across the continent to dispossess, degrade, and devastate the Aboriginal peoples and



leave a national legacy of unutterable shame."

The judges went on to explain that they were prepared to take drastic measures. "If this were any ordinary case," they said, "the Court would not be justified in reopening the validity of fundamental propositions which have been endorsed by long-established authority and which have been accepted as a basis of the real property law of the country for more than one hundred and fifty years." But "the acts and events by which that dispossession in legal theory was carried into practical effect constitute the darkest aspect of the history of this nation. The nation as a whole must remain diminished unless and until there is an acknowledgment of, and retreat from, those past injustices."

The judgment invented a new form of title to land in Australia called "native title." The court ruled that native title survived the British settlement but was extinguished by Crown grants of freehold. It has yet to be determined whether exploration leases, mining leases, or pastoral leases granted at various stages in Australia's settlement also extinguish na-

tive title. Most Australians live on suburban freehold titles themselves and do not yet understand that the overturning of a long-established law of property can have far-reaching economic consequences. But those who work in Australia's mining industry understand very well that insecurity of property rights to ore deposits spells the decline and eventual demise of the industry that earns 60 per cent of Australia's export income. Fortunately, the unacceptable consequences of disrupting property rights mean that the High Court's decision will have to be modified or overturned. It will be interesting to see how that happens.

Most Americans see Australia and New Zealand as friendly frontier states. Apart from the fact that we drive on the left side of the road and play rugby or Australian-rules football, our customs, attitudes, and modes of thinking are ones the U.S. visitor or long-term resident finds congenial. A generation ago many Australians saw their country as destined to become another U.S.A., located diagonally across the Pacific. Today those who argue for an Australia of 100 million people or more are attacked as vandals, intent on despoiling a fragile and delicate environment.

New Zealanders are much more confident. If this confidence carries them on the path of continuing economic reform, they will become a rich nation within a generation, with ample room for perhaps 20 million people. Many will be clamoring to get on board. It would be ironic, given Australian condescension to New Zealand over many decades, if Australians began to move there in large numbers.

The story of these two settler nations, both spun off from the British Isles, both with potentially exciting futures, is a story of how some nineteenth-century English ideas were applied in the most favorable environment that could be imagined. These ideas are now seen to have failed, although the intellectual change is much more complete in New Zealand than in Australia. Throughout the world the chattering classes have the same consequences as a plague of locusts. Happy is the country whose political leaders treat them with disdain. □

Figuring Out Feminism (Cont'd)

The following letter from Jeff Cohen of FAIR (Fairness & Accuracy in Reporting) was sent to Simon and Schuster, which published Christina Hoff Sommers's Who Stole Feminism?, and to NATIONAL REVIEW, which published an excerpt from the book [June 27]. Mr. Cohen's letter has been somewhat abridged, as indicated in the text.

Bloody Sunday

We want to bring to your attention many errors of fact contained in *Who Stole Feminism?*, by Christina Hoff Sommers, that concern our organization, FAIR (Fairness & Accuracy in Reporting). Her description of our educational campaign against domestic violence, which was launched in association with the 1993 Super Bowl, is riddled with mistakes. . . .

In essence, FAIR and its leaders and named individuals stand accused of being liars. . . . Our integrity is attacked—yet, as we demonstrate in the following points, the details of Sommers's accusation that we intentionally disseminated falsehoods are inaccurate. As you know, falsely accusing people of being liars is defamation per se.

Here are some of the outright errors in Sommers's account of the Super Bowl campaign.

1. Sommers writes that there wasn't "any basis for saying that there was a significant rise in domestic violence on Super Bowl Sunday." This is a false and defamatory statement, implying that FAIR and other groups maliciously invented a connection between domestic violence and the Super Bowl. In fact, FAIR's January 18, 1993, news release spelled out the grounds for making this assertion: "Women's shelters report that Super Bowl Sunday is also one

of the worst days of the year for violence against women in the home." FAIR has released a list of names and phone numbers of shelters and battered women's advocates that we contacted to confirm this statement. We also cited press reports from the *New York Times* and *Chicago Tribune* on the Super Bowl/domestic violence connection. To say that we had "no basis" for making our assertion is a reckless attack on our integrity.

2. Sommers writes: "At about this time a very large media mailing was sent by Dobisky Associates, FAIR's publicists, warning at-risk women: 'Don't remain at home with him during the game.'" In fact, Dobisky Associates has never done any publicity for FAIR, and we had never heard of the firm until it was attacked in press reports at the time of the Super Bowl. The false statement inaccurately links FAIR with errors Sommers attributes to Dobisky Associates. Sommers's false accusation would not have occurred if she had bothered to contact FAIR.

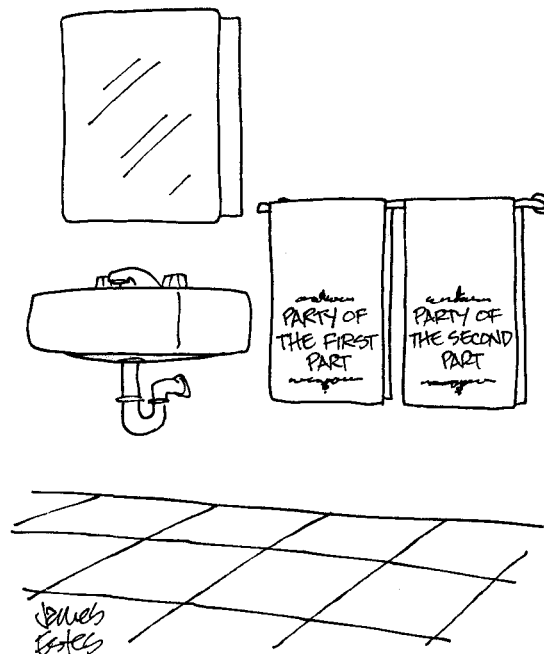
3. Sommers turns around the relationship between the press and FAIR's

educational campaign. She has journalist Robert Lipsyte being "persuaded" by our claims of a Super Bowl/domestic violence link, saying he "joined in" with reports of a connection. Since Lipsyte first reported on such a link in January 1987 (NBC News), and then again in January 1992 (*New York Times*), a year before our campaign, he could hardly have been "persuaded" by us to "join in." Sommers's wording inaccurately implies that reporters like Lipsyte were duped by FAIR.

4. Sommers misrepresents what was said at a January 28, 1993, news conference about domestic violence in Pasadena, California, which was organized by FAIR's Los Angeles affiliate and featured feminist leaders and L.A. County District Attorney Gil Garcetti. (Sommers places this news conference on the wrong date, "January 27"; the three dates in her "chronology" are all matched with the wrong days of the week.) Sommers writes that reporters were informed that Super Bowl Sunday is "the biggest day of the year for violence against women." This quote irresponsibly distorts what was said.

Speakers at the event emphasized that "anecdotal evidence" showed an increase in domestic violence on that day. The Associated Press quoted activist Sheila Kuehl as saying: "There is significant anecdotal evidence that Super Bowl Sunday is the biggest day of the year for domestic violence against women." A complete quote would have debunked Sommers's contention that a statistically documented rise was being asserted.

5. Sommers also misrepresents Kuehl by saying she "cited a study done at Virginia's Old Dominion University three years before" in support of a prediction that "40 per cent more women would be battered on [Super Bowl Sunday]." In fact, as AP



reported, "Kuehl said a study by sociologists at Old Dominion University in Norfolk, Virginia, found that men are more likely to batter their partners after their favorite team wins. The study found that police reports of beatings and hospital admissions in northern Virginia rose 40 per cent after games won by the Washington Redskins during the 1988-89 season, she said." Sommers is inaccurate in writing that Kuehl used the Old Dominion study to make a prediction about Super Bowl Sunday.

These and other errors could have been avoided if Sommers had taken the elementary reporting step of interviewing the group she was preparing to criticize. The failure to take this step suggests malice and recklessness on her part. . . .

Because of your irresponsible actions, our organization, its leaders and the specific FAIR associates named in the book suffer ongoing harm.

Jeff Cohen
Executive Director
FAIR
New York, N.Y.

FAIR Is FAIR

FAIR is apparently still smarting from the Super Bowl gaffe. There they were, an organization dedicated to "Fairness & Accuracy in Reporting," and they not only failed to quash the baseless, male-bashing canard that battery rises 40 per cent on Super Bowl Sunday but were found complicit in helping to promote it. FAIR sent a similar rant to the *Washington Post* soon after reporter Ken Ringle ran the original story exposing the Super Bowl hoax. The *Post's* ombudsman, Joann Byrd, then did a careful and polite evaluation of the complaints, which failed to mollify FAIR. Whereupon FAIR said that Ms. Byrd had "engaged in a semi-coverup."

Jean Cobb of the *American Journalism Review* also looked into the dispute between FAIR and Mr. Ringle. Like Ms. Byrd, Ms. Cobb concluded "it appears that Ringle is right about the lack of solid data. . . . Indeed [we] tried to track down the elusive 40 per cent increase reported so readily in so many papers, but couldn't find any definitive source. . . . So it appears Ringle is correct; if there is any 'hard evidence' of a rise no one has come forward with the data."

Having gotten nowhere with Ken

Ringle and the *Post*, FAIR now directs its outrage at me.

Sommers writes that there wasn't "any basis for saying that there was a significant rise in domestic violence on Super Bowl Sunday." This is a false and defamatory statement, implying that FAIR and other groups maliciously invented a connection. . . .

Despite the active role FAIR played in proliferating misandrist and socially divisive "facts," no one is suggesting that FAIR was the author of the Super Bowl hoax. As is evident from Mr. Ringle's investigation, the original source remains undiscovered.

The proximate sources are known, however. FAIR would now have it believed that Sheila Kuehl's 40 per cent figure given in interpretation of the Old Dominion research on the Redskin fans in '89 was not meant to be taken as an indication of what to expect on game day '93. But at the conference preceding the game, Ms. Kuehl had called attention to the Old Dominion research, and everyone naturally projected it. Nor did FAIR block that interpretation. What is more, FAIR sent out a mailing which stated that "women's shelters report a 40 per cent increase in calls for help during Super Bowl Sunday." On the day after Ken Ringle's exposé, the Associated Press pointed out that "the talk was ignited by a news conference last week in which women's rights activists cited a new study reporting a 40 per cent increase in beatings following the annual football extravaganza."

Immediately after Ringle's exposé, FAIR itself appeared to be contrite. Steve Rendall, FAIR's "senior analyst," admitted to the *Boston Globe* (February 2, 1993) that the 40 per cent figure was mistaken. "It should not have gone out in FAIR materials." By Washington's Birthday, FAIR was riding high again, boasting in its Los Angeles newsletter about how it had "faxed and called NBC to urge the network to air the Public Service Announcement during the Super Bowl broadcast, some of TV's most widely watched and expensive airtime." In allotting expensive airtime to ask its male viewers to keep calm, NBC showed that it too found something plausible in the proposition that American men, and more especially those who enjoy watching contact sports, are not to be trusted. In my

studies of the powerful influence of gender feminism on American culture I have been repeatedly impressed with how easy it has been to persuade journalists and politicians that there is something fundamentally the matter with our male population.

FAIR has continued to be active in warning the public that our country is teeming with violently misogynist males. In the same February 1993 FAIR newsletter in which it boasts of its Super Bowl coup, it informs readers that the Surgeon General reports that domestic battery is "the leading health hazard for women between ages of 15 and 44." FAIR did not make this up either; it is a favorite with journalists. Senator Biden cites it. But as a self-proclaimed sentinel of accuracy, FAIR should have espied what reporter Joe Hallinan, writing in *The Oregonian* (July 7, 1994), discovered: this popular factoid too is baseless. Linda Saltzman, the researcher at the Centers for Disease Control who co-authored, with former Surgeon General Antonia Novello, the domestic violence report cited as the source of the "finding," categorically denies that this is what they found: "I spend my life trying to get it unattributed to us," she said. "I just think it's irresponsible for people to proliferate an incorrect statement." Here then is another item that should not have gone out in FAIR materials.

Battery shatters lives; those who suffer must be cared for and those who cause their suffering must be rendered incapable of doing further harm. But in all we do to help, reliable information is crucial. Truth is no enemy to compassion and falsehood is no friend.

Despite FAIR's claim that my account is "riddled with mistakes" they can only point to two small and inconsequential errors. Because I had dated the 1993 Super Bowl January 30 instead of the 31st, a few other dates were off by one day. Also, because I relied on an editorial in the *Wall Street Journal* (March 5, 1993), I misidentified Dobinsky Associates as FAIR's publicist. Such errors will turn up and should be corrected. They do not, however, remotely affect the portrait of FAIR as a failed watchdog who, instead of barking an alarm, trots happily along with the burglars.

Christina Hoff Sommers
Clark University
Worcester, Mass.



THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

August 8, 1994

After lengthy and exhaustive consultation with my counsel, let me just say that in my correspondence with you these past two years, I have tried to give you only an impressionistic account of the activities and actions of myself, my wife, and my colleagues in the White House. In no way do these letters constitute a fair or accurate account of events, nor would I claim that they represent a verbatim transcript of what was said and by whom. With that in mind, it would be prudent for the reader of this letter—and any and all subsequent readers, whether intended or unintended by the author(s), the recipient(s), or any agent of the author(s) or recipient(s), or anyone acting in any official capacity—to agree to the following preconditions as regards the use and intended accuracy and/or inaccuracy of the documents:

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Hi Rusty!

Sorry about all that stuff above. It's hard when lawyers come between friends, but these days, you can't be too careful. It's all Uncle Lloyd (Cutler, not Bentsen)'s idea. He wanted the entire White House staff to carry around a packet of stickers with the whole disclaimer pre-printed on them, just to kind of stick where appropriate—you know: memos, letters, Post-It notes, take-out orders. Tipper drew the line at boxes of brownies we send to Karenna at Harvard. All I can say is, wait 'til you see the size of the White House Christmas Card.

It's been a pretty busy couple of weeks. First, Bill, HRC, Tipper, and I went on another big bus trip to drum up support for our health-care bill. Well, not so much our health-care bill, but really any health-care bill. It was supposed to be just like the campaign, and it really was! HRC in the back, on the phone; Tipper and me hard at work, calculating the miles per gallon; and Bill way up front, with a pair of binoculars, scanning the road ahead for a highway sign with a knife and fork on it.

Then it was off to Ukraine, the former Soviet state, for a meeting with President Leonid Kuchma. He was very pleasant, and agreed to sell us several thousand nuclear warheads instead of the more traditional wheat crop, which I appreciated. On the way home, Dr. Gergen, Mr. Panetta, and Bill called Air Force Two from the Oval Office. They had been mulling over a few things, and they needed my help.

"Al," Dr. Gergen said, "Bill, Leon, and I are thinking very seriously about replacing Christopher at State."

"That's right, Al," Bill said. "Mr. Panetta and Dr. Gergen and I—"

"We want you to screen some replacements," snapped Mr. Panetta. "So start."

I was a little taken aback. "Does Christopher know?" I asked.

"Not yet," answered Dr. Gergen. "We thought we'd wait until we have a successor chosen and confirmed by the Senate before we trouble him with it." Makes sense, I thought.

"How about Jimmy Carter?" I suggested.

"He's already in the Administration," Mr. Panetta said, dryly, "at least in spirit." We batted a few names back and forth. Some had a little experience, some had no experience, some had a lot of experience but in the Bush Administration, and some, it turned out, were dead. Then Dr. Gergen had a pretty good idea.

"How about David Gergen?" Dr. Gergen suggested. Makes sense, I thought.

Take care, Rusty!

The reader of this missive/letter/entry/electronic mail transmission does hereby affirm and/or attest that he agrees to the above enumerated clauses (I-III inclusive) especially that the above rendered document is in no way intended to be an accurate reflection of events/persons/statements/places.

Your pal, Al

Eek! Sob! It's the Death of Comics!

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

LEAPING LIZARDS!" sounds too cheerful. "Good grief!" might be more appropriate. Look what's happened to the funnies. We should look seriously because this is a serious matter, touching on the state of the nation.

There are three peculiarly American art forms: the Western, the musical, and the comic strip; all of which, having come to full flower not so long ago, when they seemed to represent much that lay close to the American heart and much that the rest of the world admired in America, have manifestly degenerated. Of these three, comics have been the least studied but are by no means the least significant, if only because they came into, still do come into, almost every American home.

Solemn books have been written about them ("Underlying the action is a deep-rooted sense of determinism and naturalistic despair, not unlike the world view of the more extreme Dadaists"), but such solemnity is a bad sign. Intellectuals theorizing about popular culture tend to be like opera singers rendering show tunes: they miss the point.

Comic-strip artists never aspired to compete with Rembrandt or Gillray. Their social importance lies not in aesthetic achievement but in their historic unifying role. They created a common culture that, for a while, brought old and young, immigrants and native-born, together across the breakfast table, providing not only thrills and laughs but values identifiable with what would then have been a generally accepted concept of Americanism.

A hint of their power can be gleaned from the words and phrases they coined or popularized, anyhow slipped into everyone's vocabulary: "piker," "jeep," "fall guy," "horsefeathers," "dumbbell" (meaning "stupid"), "ball and chain" (for "wife"), the "heebiejeebies," "time's a-wastin'," "you said it," "the cat's pajamas," "hard-boiled," "drugstore cowboy," "google-eyed," "baloney," "Dragon Lady," and "security blanket," not to mention *wow!*, *pow!*, *bam!*, *socko*, *arf*, and *aargh!* Some everyday commodities—Popeye's spinach, Wimpy's hamburgers, Dagwood's sandwiches—reflect gleams of comic-strip glory still.

But clouds have drifted across the sun. We are looking at what has been described as "a once great but now dying and misused field."

The ancestry of the comic strip can be traced back as far as you wish—to ancient Egyptian wall paintings or to the Bayeux Tapestry, each of which narrated successive events

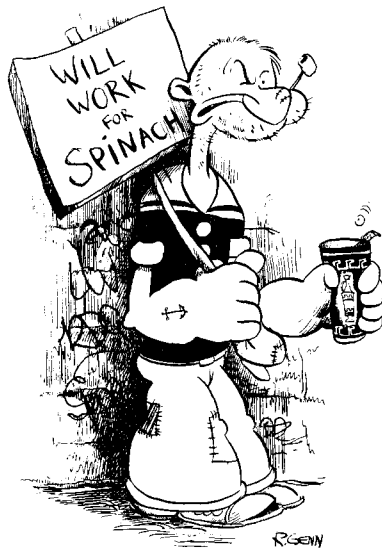
in a row of pictures. Eighteenth-century political cartoonists used speech balloons. However, the American comic strip grew, toward the end of the nineteenth century, out of two more or less simultaneous developments—photo-engraving, which made possible relatively cheap newspaper illustrations, and the great flood of European immigrants, many of whom had only a tenuous grasp of the English language.

Rival newspaper groups, notably those headed by William Randolph Hearst and Joseph Pulitzer, battled for readership. Hearst raided from Pulitzer an artist called Richard Felton Outcault, whose already popular strip, *Hogan's Alley*, featured a jug-eared urchin, soon to be known as "the Yellow Kid," reputedly because the color printer wanted a clear space on which to test his yellow tint and the boy's nightgown-type clothes were convenient. The Yellow Kid became the star of Hearst's new comic supplement, launched in 1896, "eight pages of polychromatic effulgence that make the rainbow look like a lead pipe." In response Pulitzer hired another artist to create an alternative Yellow Kid.

Even more tangled and much longer lasting was the tale of *The Katzenjammer Kids*, by any standard a classic of the genre. Based on a German pictorial series, *Max und Moritz*, it was adapted—truth to tell, plagiarized—into an American comic strip for Hearst's *New York Morning Journal* by Rudolph Dirks, himself a German immigrant, who added speech balloons and a narrative that advanced from panel to panel. When Pulitzer hired Dirks away, Hearst successfully claimed a legal right to *The Katzenjammer Kids*, which was thereafter drawn by another artist, Harold Knerr. But Dirks continued his own version, first as *Hans and Fritz*, and then, after the outbreak of war with Germany, as *The Captain and the Kids*. He went on drawing it until his death, in 1968.

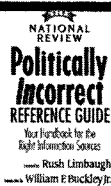
In whichever form (and the two versions were practically indistinguishable), this was a charming strip. On a tropical island, otherwise inhabited by cigar-smoking cannibals and an occasional dusky maiden, der Captain, der Inspector, formidable Mama, and mischievous Hans and Fritz squabble in fantastically German accents ("Mit bummers giffs no supper!" Mama warns). The overall effect was lovable and unforgettable in a way that no modern strip seems to be.

Popeye, created by Elzie Segar in 1929, was the first superhero, capable of amazing feats, though he used his great powers infrequently. His early adventures were far more complex and adult-oriented than the strip and film versions that followed; they told elaborate stories that went on from



Roman Germ

Mr. Lejeune is NR's London correspondent.



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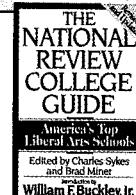
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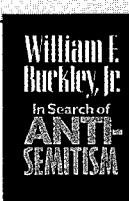
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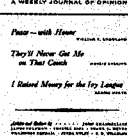
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day to day and week to week. And Popeye himself was a richly conceived character, with a face (as his sweet-patootie, Olive Oyl, once put it) "like a shipwreck," wrestling to express himself in words, irresponsible, stubborn, naturally aggressive but gentle with a baby, inflexible in pursuit of what he considered justice, epitomized by the slogan Segar evolved for him, "I yam what I yam an' tha's all I yam." *Popeye* became the most widely published strip before *Peanuts*.

All the main themes of American humorous and picaresque literature were represented in the comics of those days—rural naïveté, backstreet cunning, small-town warmth. Maggie and Jiggs, Mutt and Jeff, and Joe Palooka were characters from the heart of American mythology. In the following golden years *Prince Valiant*, *Flash Gordon*, *Tarzan*, *Terry and the Pirates* were beautiful specimens of graphic art, and their narrative techniques grew more ambitious, with panels of different sizes, shifting points of view, close-ups and long-shots, dramatic lighting, vast landscapes, and natural backgrounds that mirrored changing moods. Heroines and villainesses carried a powerful erotic charge; heroes never failed in chivalry, courage, or patriotism.

Political themes, as distinct from simple Americanism, were generally eschewed as being more likely to divide than to attract readers, but there were three notable exceptions. *Dick Tracy*, drawn by Chester Gould from 1931 until 1985, was only by implication political, but it stood, without a qualm, for law and civilized society against inexcusable fiends whose hideous faces reflected the evil in their souls. *Little Orphan Annie*, however, was so uninhibited in its political message that Harold Gray, who drew it from 1924 to 1968, was compelled to change one sequence because of the vigor of its attack on Roosevelt and the New Deal. Annie was matched in her irrepressible self-reliance and benevolence by the self-made millionaire, Daddy Warbucks, who spelled out the strip's philosophy. "Sure," he said, "I believe in short hours of work, lots of holidays with pay, all that stuff—it would be great if we could *all* afford to knock off any old time—but, as I see it, a *few* men *have* to work hard and take heavy chances and battle heavy odds and worry nights, so that millions may have the 'fuller life' you mention, instead of *every day* off *without pay*."

Al Capp's *Li'l Abner*, which ran from 1934 to 1977, moved across the political spectrum. Having begun as mere hillbilly slapstick, with forays against social climbers and the venal rich, it worked around to attacking and satirizing liberalism, feminism, and the politics of protest. Capp himself said that it had taken him thirty years to appreciate Harold Gray's superior understanding of social realities: "My politics didn't change. I had always been for those who were despised, disgraced, and demoralized. That was what changed. Suddenly it was the poor hardworking guy who was being denounced."

Like all the great comic-strip artists, Al Capp was a fine storyteller. Reluctantly he would sacrifice a gag for the sake of suspense. This was a crucial difference, he once wrote, from the old joke-strips, at which the reader might laugh with delight, then

put his paper down with a chuckle, eat dinner with a placid mind, and sleep the sleep of the peaceful.

The same citizen, however, who read Chester Gould's magnifi-

cent *Dick Tracy* didn't laugh when he reached the last panel—he moaned and gasped. Who wouldn't worry at the sight of a bullet whizzing out through his favorite detective's forehead, accompanied by a fine spray of Tracy's brains and bits of his skull (Tracy had been shot from behind, of course)? You may be sure *that* reader didn't eat *his* dinner in peace. He did *not* spend a restful night. *That* harassed soul couldn't wait until dawn came and, with it, the next edition. Only then was his agony relieved. And then, while the next strip revealed that it was an unimportant section of Tracy's skull that had been shattered and that he could get along just as well without those particular bits of brain, the reader's relief was short-lived. In the last panel of the new strip, the walls of the room into which Tracy had been lured began slowly and relentlessly to *close in on him*, with no escape possible. . . . Again no peace for the reader—until he could rush out in a fresh dawn to buy the next day's paper—and the next and the next.

In his own way Capp emulated the Tracy technique. Will Li'l Abner be caught on Sadie Hawkins Day? A grave peril.

Significantly, the weak film version of the excellent stage musical *Annie* and the moderately amusing stage and film versions of *Li'l Abner* omitted any hint of anti-liberalism. There has been a symbiotic relationship between comic strips and movies, but in terms more of visual technique and pre-sold characters than of an author's vision. Television, though, has undoubtedly contributed to the decline of the comic strip by bringing into homes an alternative daily schedule of adventure and comedy.

Meanwhile, the comic strip's proper medium—the printed page of a newspaper—has dwindled. There are fewer newspapers. The lavish comic supplements have gone, leaving little opportunity for storytelling artists to spread themselves. Very few serial strips survive. Instead we get a single row of small panels, filled with minimalist drawing and culminating in a mild joke. Nobody fights over the breakfast table for a first glimpse of *Calvin and Hobbes* or hurries to the street corner for the latest episode of *Cathy*.

At the same time an ideological transformation has occurred. Gone is the confident Americanism; in its place came Pogo's declaration: "We have met the enemy and he is us." Jules Feiffer and Garry Trudeau were in the vanguard of the new wave; Feiffer's original strip was actually titled *Sick, Sick, Sick*. Their drawings were spindly, their theme was the neuroses and discontents that, coming as the artists did from the modish counterculture of the time, they deemed typical of bourgeois society. Heroism they specifically eschewed. "I don't believe in heroes," said Pogo's creator, Walt Kelly. "Powerlessness is my meat," said Feiffer.

Far from establishing shared references even for a single generation, Trudeau's *Doonesbury* has regularly appeared as both the "best loved" and the "most hated" of strips in reader surveys. Joe McCarthy, nuclear bombs, the Vietnam War, Ronald Reagan, ecological damage were obvious and successive targets for the new-wave cartoonists, the best—or anyhow the most successful—of whom have now been absorbed into what still exists of the mainstream comic pages.

As well, however, as those relatively mild exemplars, other, sleazier cartoonists of the new persuasion work on the doubtful border between the mainstream and the underground press. Homosexuality, incest, pedophilia—nothing is out of bounds for them. Their protagonists, traveling

across America, meet, instead of the good folk whom Little Orphan Annie encountered, every sort of vileness. A parody strip, called *Little Orphan Amphetamine*, began with a quotation from Mao Tse-tung: "Genuine equality between the sexes can only be realized in the process of the socialist transformation as a whole."

The same border region generated the "graphic novels" which are today's equivalent of the old adventure comic books. Employing the full paraphernalia of sophisticated illustration, they tell stories that can be, at one level, very serious—about the Nazi Holocaust, for example—and, at another, gratuitously violent and obscene. What almost all of them have in common is that their vision is dark—like the new *Batman*—rather than bright, ugly rather than beautiful, bitter rather than optimistic, cruel rather than genial.

To this melancholy scene there is one universally acknowledged exception—Charles M. Schulz's *Peanuts*, which is carried by more than two hundred newspapers, in sixty different countries, with some ninety million readers. And justly so. *Peanuts* is kindly, perceptive, funny, and wise. Its underlying morality and occasional quotations from Scripture even prompted a best-selling book called *The Gospel According to Peanuts*, written by a Methodist theologian. Schulz, however, does not think that the comic strip should be a message medium; he joined out of good nature but against his better judgment in Garry Trudeau's 1985 proposal that on Thanksgiving Day, every cartoonist should deal with the problem of "world hunger."

Iphigene Ochs Sulzberger, who died a few years ago at the age of 97, was the daughter, wife, mother-in-law, and mother of successive publishers of the *New York Times*. When she was 13, she persuaded her father to introduce a comic strip. Six months later she told him it was boring, so the strip was killed. The *New York Times* has never carried a picture strip since. Nor has the *London Times*. Nor, for that matter, has *NATIONAL REVIEW*. If any of these distinguished journals wanted such a thing, it could hardly do better than *Peanuts*, which seems to work for every height of brow.

Peanuts is as much loved in Britain as in America, but Britain has never fully shared the comic-strip culture. The London papers had no comic sections, only a few isolated strips. However, such has been the decline of American strips that Britain could now claim two—*Garth* and *Modesty Blaise*—which are stronger adventure strips than any current equivalent in the United States. Even more surprisingly, *Andy Capp* crossed the Atlantic westward with great success. Archetypally British working-class,

Andy—drinking, gambling, wife-abusing—is politically incorrect to a degree that would scarcely be tolerated now from an American artist.

Comic strips have always attracted puritan fire. (Collectors of trivia might care to note an anachronism in *The Music Man*, where, supposedly around the turn of the century, one of the signs of trouble in River City is said to be the memorizing of jokes from *Captain Billy's Whiz-Bang*. In reality this once-famous magazine began as a mimeographed joke-and-cartoon paper for the troops in the First World War, produced by Captain Wilford H. Fawcett, who continued it professionally in peacetime.) During the 1950s the attack, led by a book called *Seduction of the Innocent*, reached a point of hysteria not unlike the condemnation of nasty rock videos today. The publishers responded, as Hollywood had responded to similar condemnation of the movies, with a code of self-censorship. The restrictive moralism of that code contributed both to the anemia of modern mainstream comics and to the unpleasantness of the underground comics that defied it.

WHAT'S SO Funny about the Comics?" is the title of one essay on the subject. But comics in the golden age were not so much funny ha-ha as comedies in the sense in which one speaks of the human comedy. Sometimes crude, vulgar, and apparently semi-literate, but no less often skillfully drawn and wittily scripted, sensational (*Eek!*), violent (*Pow!*), sentimental (*Sob!*), the American comic strip in its heyday represented an indomitable simplicity, the spirit that turned the polyglot immigrants of Ellis Island into Americans, the spirit of Joe Palooka, Little Orphan Annie, and Li'l Abner, the spirit that overcame the Dragon Lady and Ming the Merciless.

Some intellectual commentators appear not to understand, or not to mind, what has happened. Just as their equally imperceptive colleagues prefer blood-splattered spaghetti Westerns to the decency of a genuine Western, and the depressing tunelessness of modern musicals to the lyric warmth of Rodgers and Hammerstein, so they fail to complain about the diminished and degenerate comics of today.

There was a *Peanuts* strip in which Linus entered, wearing a sheet and carrying a candle. "I have been told," he said, "that it is better to light one small candle than to rail against the darkness. Of course," he added, "there are always some who will disagree." And in the last panel stood Lucy, stamping and shaking her fist and shouting, "You naughty darkness!" A very shrewd character, Lucy. □

The Too Visible Man

BEN C. TOLEDANO

IT ISN'T necessary to approve of the way a system works in order to recognize the skills of those who use it to their maximum advantage. A

good case in point is Henry Louis Gates Jr., of whom I first became aware in 1981, when he, as a 30-year-old assistant professor at Yale, re-

ceived a "genius" grant from the MacArthur Foundation. A year later, a picture of Mr. Gates holding a copy of a book entitled *Our Nig*, written in 1859 by a free woman of color named Harriet E. Wilson, appeared in newspapers throughout the country. Mr. Gates

Mr. Toledano is a lawyer in Gulfport, Mississippi.

found the book in a used-book store and shortly thereafter proclaimed it the first novel by a colored person published in the United States.

Four years ago, *The New York Times Magazine* did a long cover story about Mr. Gates entitled "Black Studies' New Star." The story would have brought tears to the eyes of Horatio Alger. Cornell University made Mr. Gates a full professor when he was only 33, and later created an endowed chair for him. It didn't work. Duke took him away and smugly thought it had him for life. No sooner had he started unpacking in Durham than Princeton began making noises and offers. Mr. Gates's "lifetime" position at Duke has now taken him to

Harvard, where he is a professor of English and chairman of Afro-American Studies. Certainly, in terms of what some call the "American Dream," we've got to tip our hats to Mr. Gates, the Sammy Glick of Black Studies, as he talks on the phone in his Mercedes and thinks of new worlds to conquer. As long as the supply of black scholars remains so small and the demand for them so great thanks to the new "cultural pluralism," Mr. Gates can call the tune.

I must admit to a certain problem with memoirs written by 43-year-olds. Surely Mr. Gates has lived a full life thus far, but, at the same time, a reasonable argument can be made that this literary effort is little more than a further example of the author's excessive self-celebration, aided and abetted by the publishing business, which, according to Hugh Pearson, the author of *The Shadow of the Panther*, most often gives nonfiction contracts to blacks when "it's for a story about their childhood."

For some time now, we who are not persons of color have been told that what information we receive of black

Colored People: A Memoir, by Henry Louis Gates Jr. (Knopf, 216 pp., \$22)

culture and of the black experience must come from black persons. Any such accounts from white people are considered illegitimate—in fact, invalid. That too will pass, but for now, what we would know of colored people, we are obliged to learn from them. There are advantages to the present

system, which Saul Bellow calls "free speech without any debate," for Mr. Gates and other black scholars are able to write things about themselves that white authors would be chastised for writing.

Mr. Gates is not a Southerner and therefore was deprived, in a literary sense, of the daily lynchings, castrations, and church-, home-, and barn-burnings which all good and morally superior Yankees know are endemic to the South. He was born in Piedmont, West Virginia, almost on the Maryland line and just a few miles south of the Pennsylvania line. The county then had 22,000 inhabitants, of whom 351 were colored; most of these lived in

Piedmont, a town of 2,565 souls.

Piedmont was a paper-mill town inhabited predominantly by working-class people of Italian and Irish descent who belonged to craft unions that were not integrated until 1968. In spite of the racial prejudice built into all of our social and economic systems when he was growing up, Mr. Gates appears to be most comfortable when he is describing the colored world as a "neighborhood" rather than a "condition of existence." I believe his memories suffer when he feels obliged to plug into the usual, tired racism outlet. No fair-minded person can deny that painful indignities were inflicted on colored people by the segregation of lunch counters, restrooms, and other public facilities. Mr. Gates was a victim of that cruel system, but, judging from his book and in spite of his often studied assertions about race, his early years were far more happy and easy than not.

A ten-page section and many other references are devoted to the subject of hair—hot combs, curling irons, "natural kink," Murray's "serious grease," stocking caps, etc. According to Mr. Gates, he spent much of his "childhood and adolescence messing with my hair." The hair-obsession section of the book might give credence to that old joke about why God gave colored people rhythm. Answer: "Because He messed up so badly on their hair."

Mr. Gates's mother was one of 12 children in a well-respected, hard-working Piedmont family named Coleman. Seeing all 12 of them together confirmed for the author why Africans in the New World came to be called col-

ored people. "Their colors ran the full spectrum of brown . . . from the richest dark chocolate to the creamiest café au lait." The Gates part of the family lived in Cumberland, Maryland, "25 miles, half a dozen shades of brown complexion, and as many grades of hair away." Mr. Gates writes: "My grandfather [Gates] and his father looked like white people, and they married the lightest black people they could find. . . . My father's generation, sensing a depletion of the gene pool, so it's been said, married the darkest Negroes they could find." The Colemans were a self-righteous, non-drinking, non-smoking, non-gambling group who emphasized "close-cropped, well-oiled hair and well-washed automobiles," whereas the Gateses were card-playing, Scotch-drinking people who read detective novels, did crossword puzzles, and attended good colleges. When Mr. Gates's great-great-grandmother died in Cumberland in 1892, her obituary read: "Died Today, Jane Gates, City. An Estimable Colored Lady."

Although the book's title is very straightforward, I simply got tired of the pronouncements regarding race and color. However, on those too rare occasions when Mr. Gates fills a few of the empty spaces within the outline he has drawn of himself, he can be quite eloquent. For years, the paper mill in Piedmont sponsored an annual picnic for its colored employees and their families. The picnic held in 1970 was the last one, because the mill said it could no longer sponsor a segregated event. There was much sorrow among the people at the final picnic. Mr. Gates was in attendance and sadly relived the many happy memories he had of the tradition.

The colored mill picnic would finish its run peaceably, then, if with an air of wistful resignation. All I know is that Nemo's corn never tasted saltier, his coffee never smelled fresher, than when these hundreds of Negroes gathered to say goodbye to themselves, their heritage, and their sole link to each other, wiped out of existence by the newly enforced anti-Jim Crow laws.

In these times when everyone seems forced to take a side, to select an overriding identity, Mr. Gates rebels at the notion "that I can't construct identities through elective affinity, that race must be the most important thing about me." I hope he will listen more carefully to himself. □

Do You Take This Man . . .

DAVID WRIGHT

JOHN BOSWELL'S *Same-Sex Unions in Premodern Europe*, embraced as revelation by gay activists and heralded in the press, is both a virtuoso display of learned ingenuity and the same old mixture much as before. Readers familiar with Mr. Boswell's *Christianity, Social Tolerance, and Homosexuality* (1980) will find here, if anything, an even more dazzling tableau of linguistic versatility, apparently exhaustive investigation, flashing insight, and relentless inventiveness. Few scholars will be capable of keeping step with him throughout, as he ranges from classical Greece to twentieth-century Albania—all in the service of proving that, in their early history, Christian churches sanctified homosexual "marriages."

Yet as in the earlier book, Mr. Boswell's extraordinary skills and industry are deployed with such tendentiousness, exaggeration, special pleading, and occasional banality that the work deserves, at very best, the distinctive verdict of the Scottish courts: not proven.

One is not encouraged at the outset to discover that Mr. Boswell, who teaches history at Yale, has learned next to nothing from the extensive criticisms—by classical historians, experts

Same-Sex Unions in Premodern Europe, by John Boswell (Villard, 412 pp., \$25)

on the Fathers, and medievalists—of *Christianity, Social Tolerance, and Homosexuality* (whose rapturous reception in some quarters brought no credit on the academy). To claim that its general argument "has met with little opposition over the intervening decade" bespeaks a blinkered insensitivity. The only exception Mr. Boswell notes is "the cranky critique" of Richard Southern, author of the magisterial *The Making of the Middle Ages* and

Mr. Wright is Senior Lecturer in Ecclesiastical History at the University of Edinburgh and former dean of its Faculty of Divinity. Most recently he has edited Martin Bucer: Reforming Church and Community (Cambridge).

one of the most distinguished medieval historians. (At the risk of seeming personally peeved, I observe that in listing one of my critiques Mr. Boswell repeats second-hand another author's confusion over my name.)

The key to *Same-Sex Unions* lies in the opening discussion of vocabulary. (It was in lexicography that some of the most risible elements in the earlier book were to be found.) The focus is on a clutch of manuscripts in Greek and Old Church Slavonic presenting a liturgical ceremony for what Mr. Boswell translates as "same-sex union." He justifies the phrase as "the most neutral terms I could devise" to render a compound noun, *adelphopoiesis*, meaning literally "the making of brothers." He cites the use of the Latin *frater* ("brother") to mean a male "lover"—although it is odd that he does not establish this for its Greek equivalent, *adelphos*, since his texts are all in Greek or derived from Greek. To

suppose that "same-sex union"—and "same-sex partner" instead of "brother"—preserves the ambiguity is singularly inept, but then Mr. Boswell believes that contemporaries took the word to mean "erotic union."

The lexicons translate this word-group in terms of adoption as brother or the compacting of a spiritual brotherhood. (Mr. Boswell is frequently evasive about the plain import of the Greek for "spiritual" and "the Holy Spirit.") Athanasius, for example, uses the key word to speak of Christ's "making brethren" by becoming one with us in his Incarnation. Other similar occurrences Mr. Boswell omits or distorts, as when Sophronius of Jerusalem depicts St. Peter as teaching that "love makes us brethren to one another." The ninth-century Byzantine monastic reformer Theodore of Studium used the word when he ruled that monks must not form relationships as adoptive brothers or as godparents with people in secular life.

In reality, there is nothing in the texts that Mr. Boswell has unearthed and here translated (and in several cases reproduced in the original) to warrant what most readers will under-

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stand from the phrase "same-sex unions."

These texts often cite the hallowed precedents of other pairs of spiritual brothers—from the apostles Peter and Paul, and Philip and Bartholomew, to the military martyrs Sergius and Bacchus. Mr. Boswell's review of paired saints in the Bible and early Christianity passes quickly over Jesus and John, "the most controversial same-sex couple in the Christian tradition." Although he recognizes the strongly female accents of the *Passion of Perpetua and Felicitas*, two early Christian women martyrs, he subsequently subsumes even these under the imposed framework of his "connection between homoeroticism and the military." What has merited such treatment of this most exquisitely feminine of early Christian documents? Simply its one use of the common imagery of martyrdom as warfare.

Similar misprisions (a favorite word of our author) abound in the handling

of texts and language. Thus in the *Passion of Sergius and Bacchus*, the word *homologia*, which in the literature of martyrdom almost invariably means "confession" of faith, especially under duress, becomes "love, unity, union, living together, togetherness."

What are we left with? Certainly a series of liturgical texts largely unpublished or inaccessible to most scholars in the English-speaking world, presented against the backdrop of fascinating discussions of marriage, adoption, and homosexual pairings in antiquity and the Middle Ages. In less partisan hands these texts will illuminate a little-known relationship of spiritual "brotherhood" akin to the fraternal adoption of secular law. Beyond that, Mr. Boswell's adventurous forays impress more for their speculative ingenuity than for common sense. One cannot but admire his immense resourcefulness and glittering intuitions, and lament the fallacious sophistry in whose service they are enlisted. □

Communist rule in Eastern Europe, including Solidarity in Poland.

—NSDD-56 (November 1982) laid out a strategy of increased economic pressures on a Soviet regime known to be in dire economic straits. This strategy included restricting Western credits, denying critical technologies, and exacerbating Soviet economic troubles in a variety of other ways.

—NSDD-75 (early 1983), a more fundamental statement of policy, declared that the objective of the United States was no longer to coexist with the Soviet system but to change that system radically. The brainchild of Harvard professor Richard Pipes, then serving as an NSC staffer, NSDD-75 was rooted in the belief that "we had it in our power to alter the Soviet system through the use of external pressure," as Professor Pipes later put it to Mr. Schweizer.

—NSDD-166 (March 1985), formulated at CIA Director William Casey's urging, sharply escalated the U.S. commitment to the Afghan resistance with the goal of inflicting a major strategic defeat on the Soviets (as opposed to President Carter's more modest goal of "harassing" the Soviet occupying forces in Afghanistan).

Mr. Schweizer tells the story of these policy decisions and their evolution vividly, with rich detail, anecdotes, and accounts of many things that have not been widely known. There was, for example, the collaboration with Pope John Paul II on covert programs to assist Solidarity in Poland; and there was the collusion with the Saudis to drive down oil prices, which had the effect, among others, of depriving the Soviet Union of foreign exchange on which it was counting for its economic recovery. Most importantly there was the stepped-up Afghan program, which included not only an escalation of arms aid to the *mujahedin* but also the formation of specially trained guerrilla units that regularly crossed the border from Afghan territory to launch raids inside the Soviet Union itself.

All this, and more, adds valuable source material to the public record.

The book has its limitations, however. It is written in a breathless style that at times detracts from the impression of seriousness ("January of 1981

Mr. Rodman, an NR senior editor, is working on his own book on the Cold War in the Third World.

How the West Won (Cont'd)

PETER W. RODMAN

THE end of the Cold War, the great international event of our time, is fresh enough in the collective memory that inside accounts of how it happened still fascinate. When the end came, it came so suddenly that many developments still cry out for explanation. The political debate at home continues to rage, with liberals still insisting that Mikhail Gorbachev did it all by himself, parthenogenically, as it

Victory: The Reagan Administration's Secret Strategy That Caused the Collapse of the Soviet Union, by Peter Schweizer (Atlantic Monthly Press, 300 pp., \$22)

were. (An elegant recent book on the Cold War by *Guardian* correspondent Martin Walker takes a slightly different tack, giving Ronald Reagan a little of the credit—but for being a closet dove beneath what Mr. Walker dismisses as ineffectual anti-Communist blather.) It is fortunate, then, that the contemporary record continues to be expanded with fresh eyewitness information.

Peter Schweizer's *Victory* sheds new

light on U.S. policy in the early Reagan years, based on the unprecedented access the author seems to have gained to key presidential strategy documents of that period and on the voluminous interviews he has conducted with key participants, principally American. He makes important additions to the evidentiary record, bolstering the case that the collapse of the Soviet empire didn't happen by itself or by accident; the Soviet regime was subjected to significant pressure by a deliberate and determined American policy.

Among the highlights of the book are Schweizer's authoritative accounts of a series of crucial National Security Decision Directives (NSDDs) signed by President Reagan. These are the documents by which the Reagan Administration marked out its path—its turn away from containment as traditionally practiced in U.S. foreign policy, and toward "roll-back," an *offensive* strategy to exploit Soviet vulnerabilities and weaken the Soviet grip not only abroad but also at home.

—NSDD-32 (early 1982) called for an expanded program of covert support for underground movements resisting

was particularly cold in Washington, D.C. . . . Still, there was the eager anticipation in the nation's capital that accompanies any transition in power. . . ."). As Mr. Schweizer is the first to admit, this is more a work of journalism than of history or political analysis.

For those of us who worked in the Reagan Administration, moreover, the book presents an oversimplified picture of how decisions were made, and how, once made, they were implemented as policy. The progression of events was never as coherent as Mr. Schweizer makes it seem. There was an extraordinary amount of confusion in the Administration over both strategy and tactics. The NSDDs, intellectually and historically important as they are, were often the objects of bitter bureaucratic struggle, and equally often ignored by agencies of the government that did not like the vigorous line emanating from the White House. The important decision to supply Stinger anti-aircraft missiles to the Afghans, to take one example, was fought tooth and nail by Bill Casey's own CIA as well as by the U.S. military; it took over a year and a half after NSDD-166 before any Stingers made it to the field. Nor did State Department officials treat the NSDDs as marching orders; they were simply filed away if key mid-level officials disapproved of them (and they were not given wide distribution anyway, in view of their sensitivity as top-secret documents).

The book skims over internal divisions and controversies such as these, including the controversies over the diplomacy to be carried out in Afghanistan, Central America, and Angola. In the Third World—where the "Reagan Doctrine" called for support for anti-Communist insurgencies—the real breakthrough didn't come until the second Reagan term, when the Administration developed a more sophisticated political strategy that won the needed support from swing congressional Democrats. The impact of U.S. policy on the Soviet Union and on Soviet policies was also a more complex process than is here presented. As for the collaboration with the Vatican on Poland, my sources tell me that the Vatican was not all that impressed by the Americans and that the U.S. role was nowhere near as pivotal as Mr. Schweizer and others have suggested.

Yet despite these reservations, Mr. Schweizer's *Victory* is in its essence correct, and the fresh information it does contain is important. He tells the tale of an ambitious and courageous

policy that, in the end, contributed mightily to achieving the goal it set. It was an achievement that many of those who thought it impossible would still prefer to deny. □

Return of the Native

JAMES BOWMAN

THERE are "painterly" painters and there are "writerly" writers. The latter, at least, tend to be those to whose books you turn because you think they will be good for you, rather than in any expectation of pleasure. Fostered by hundreds of schools of "creative writing" in our universities, the academic style in modern American prose produces a huge domestic oversupply of writerly writing, so that you would hardly think it necessary for us to import it. In the case of V. S. Naipaul's *A Way in the World*, however, there is an argument to be made for doing so.

Mr. Naipaul's prose, though it is highly wrought, is never obscure or self-indulgent, and, though self-regard-

ing, it is not self-obsessed. His own experience is of interest to him, as to us, only as it is used to illuminate a wide range of interest outside himself. In fact, even though he calls this book "A Novel" it is helpful to regard it as journalism or history instead, both because

A Way in the World: A Novel, by V. S. Naipaul (Knopf, 380 pp., \$23)

that would be a much more accurate description of it and because its claim on our attention rests with its wealth of factual material about the colonial and post-colonial history of Trinidad,

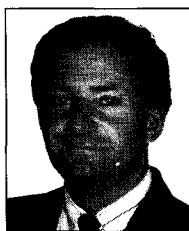
Mr. Bowman is Washington editor of the Times Literary Supplement.

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Mr. Naipaul's native island, and his use of it as part of a general meditation on colonialism.

It is a very writerly dodge to make us try to figure out why he calls it a novel (because he can't think of anything else to call it, he says) in spite of its overwhelmingly autobiographical and historical nature. There are, it is true, a few fictional or semi-fictional interludes, which stand among the chapters of history and reminiscence arranged, so far as we can tell, in no particular order. These he calls, again in a self-conscious, writerly fashion, "unwritten stories." It is as if he is deprecating criticism by pretending that what has been written remains, in some important sense, unwritten.

To such a writer, a story's just having been written down in naked English is very far from its having been tricked out and gussied up in the way something is when it is well and truly *written*. Sometimes for the reader, however, it is not very easy to tell the difference. Interestingly, what Mr. Naipaul seems to feel is missing for these to be definitively *written* stories is form. "At one time," he writes,

I thought I should try to do a play or a film—a film would have been better—about the Gulf [of Paria]. I saw it as a three-part work: Columbus in 1498, Raleigh in 1618, and Francisco Miranda, the Venezuelan revolutionary, in 1806: three obsessed men, well past their prime, each with his own vision of the New World, each at what should have been a moment of fulfillment, but really near the end of things, in the Gulf of Desolation.

This is a prelude to the story of Miranda, echoing an earlier chapter on Raleigh that also begins (as does the third "unwritten" story) with an account of how Naipaul got the idea for the story and what form it might take if it were to be written up to his exacting formal standards. Thus the actual form is of an extended and developed notebook entry whose unfinished character is appropriate to the author's constant theme: that of high expectations in contrast with reality, which invariably falls short.

Such unity as the book does possess is also that of a notebook: it is thematic, cross-referential, incidental. In the passage just cited, for example, Naipaul relates the story of Miranda to that of Raleigh and to his earlier intro-

duction (concerned with Columbus's visit to Trinidad in 1498) to a reminiscence, in an altogether different tone, of a writer of the 1930s, Foster Morris. Morris had written quite a good book about Trinidad called *The Shadowed Livery* and, in the 1950s, he became briefly influential in getting Naipaul started as a writer in touch with his Trinidadian roots. Morris had also had, back in the Thirties, a memorable (to Morris anyway) encounter with a Trinidadian Communist and agitator named Lebrun, whom Naipaul later met in London at a time when Lebrun was being discovered as a prophet of anti-colonialism by the fashionable British Left.

Here, too, there is a connection with Naipaul's reminiscence of his early career, since Lebrun wrote, in a Soviet magazine, the first extended appreciation of his writing. But he also wrote, in an elegantly bound volume that Mr. Naipaul remembers having seen on the shelves of his school library in Trinidad (but not having read), an early version of the story of—Miranda. Thus it all comes back to writing in the end; and all the writing comes together in such ostensibly coincidental and haphazard ways as to suggest careful and

highly wrought design. The gap between the accidental connections and the deliberate artifice with which they are engineered is analogous to the gap between the writing project he outlines in his "unwritten" stories and their unfinished form, or between expectation and reality.

His interest in this theme is obviously a legacy of his own colonial experience as an ethnic Indian in the West Indies. Born as heir to a long Asiatic history in the hemisphere which defines itself by its newness, its historylessness, Mr. Naipaul is himself the sort of isolated figure, torn between the Old and New Worlds, who interests him most. That is how the story of his own development as a writer is relevant to that of Trinidad and the legacy of empire. He is in a position to understand the sense of exalted failure of men such as Columbus and Raleigh and Miranda. Like theirs, perhaps, his disappointment with the imperial project is a measure of the extent to which he—this Indian from Trinidad who won a scholarship to Oxford and has since been able to earn his living by writing for a vast English-speaking audience worldwide—has never really stopped believing in it. □

FILM

Technology Rampant

JOHN SIMON

TODAY'S favorite movie heroes are the man who knows everything and the man who knows nothing. The one who knows everything is not threatening because he is so obviously a fabrication, a fiction on which our fond fantasies can hitch a ride. The one who knows nothing, the holy fool, is even better: we can all feel superior to him as he stumbles on to luck, love, and riches despite his mental deficiency, merely because he is sweet and good. Well, says the average moviegoer, I am not only as decent as this simpleton, but also a lot smarter. Good things must be just around the corner.

This week we have prime specimens of both these lies. The eponymous hero of *Forrest Gump* is a youngish Southerner sitting on a public bench in Sav-

annah, telling a series of more or less interested benchmates his life story. He is the Little Man who was practically everywhere any kind of history was made—as an innocent bystander, unsuspecting initiator of great events, or heroic but unsung participant. I won't go into details, but Watergate, Elvis Presley, John Lennon, Sino-American relations, even a corner of the Vietnam War wouldn't have been the same but for Gump, the retardate as philosopher king. "Stupid is as stupid does," he retorts to those who would put him down, and because, however uncomprehendingly, he manages invariably to do the right thing, affliction emerges as an invaluable asset.

Robert Zemeckis's film, with a script by Eric Roth (who also wrote the maudlin *Mr. Jones*), is based on a novel by Winston Groom, which I take

Mr. Simon is NR's film critic.

to be a belated offshoot of the Southern Gothic tradition as practiced by innumerable writers, high and low. It is a genre partaking of such antithetical ingredients as near-surreal absurdism and minutely scrutinized realism, and the movie serves up generous helpings of both. Running through it is a master image: running. It is by running away from unfairly superior persecutors or from undeserved predicaments that Forrest achieves his prodigious success—as college football player, war hero, Ping-Pong ace (*U.S.A. v. China*), and finally sheer runner, racing for almost three years from one end of America to the other and back again.

Fleeing from life, he soon acquires followers: a large group of hangers-on who chase after him at a respectful distance, hoping for some sort of fulfillment. Along the way, persons with various projects that haven't quite jelled run alongside Forrest for a bit, and he helps them to the most successful slogans and thingamajigs of our era. His televised running further endears him to Jenny, the lovely girl who has been his lifelong girlfriend, as the poor sap imagines, even though, only platonically fond of him, she has ditched him in every conceivable way. Still, he was always there for her as she went from goodtime girl to stripper to folk singer to hippie activist, and finally to waitress.

Jenny started with all the advantages, being smart, pretty, and always on the go. But she had been an abused child, which may explain her seamier doings. Forrest, on the other hand, was the overprotected bastard of his loving, goofy, kookily wise mother, whose quirky precepts have guided him through life, along with Jenny's exhortation, "Run, Forrest, run!" Sure enough, Forrest ends up a millionaire businessman, and Jenny, who would come back to him periodically to be recharged, now comes to him for good. But the ending is not allowed to be happy, only bittersweet.

Mr. Zemeckis, who gave us *Roger Rabbit* and *Back to the Future*, among others, has always specialized in technical sleight-of-hand. *Forrest Gump* abounds in it: the hero is more or less seamlessly blended into scenes with Presidents Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon, also with George Wallace and John Lennon, thanks to a technique pioneered by Woody Allen in *Zelig*. The confrontations, complete with dialogue,

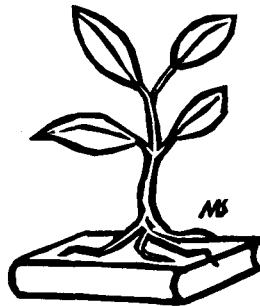
are visually and aurally convincing (except for the Lennon one, where John is rather too big for Gump), yet for all their crowd-pleasing aspect, they seem to me to undermine the story, at least in a visual medium.

Elvis, still young and unfamous, meets little Forrest in his mother's boarding house. Because both of them are actors, the scene works better than when Nixon is actually Nixon, or Lennon Lennon. We are not forced to admire the trickery, and can go with the amiably factitious flow. A novel, because we don't see what is described, can get away with much more. In the *New York Times*, Janet Maslin pointed out the script's pusillanimity: the novel's "Let me say this: being an idiot is no box of chocolates" is edulcorated into "My mother used to say life is like a box of chocolates: you never know what you're gonna get." That's a bonbon of a different flavor.

Gump wonders whether we are here for a purpose or whether everything is mere happenstance. He concludes that it is a blend of the two: we are purposeful drifters, savants and idiots; life, it would appear, is meaningfully meaningless. Such as this message is, the movie captures only the random side of it fully, and two and a quarter hours of randomness can wear pretty thin. If a millionaire decides to run around for a couple of years, wouldn't he at least have a backpack? I can respect an idiot savant, but not one who doesn't brush his teeth for three years. Even fantasy has to play by some sort of rules, however fanciful.

Tom Hanks does a neat balancing act of not letting either the idiot or the savant preponderate, and both his semivacuous gaze and his weird intonations (e.g., *buttocks* with the stress on *tocks*) come off with appositely fey pathos. Robin Wright is a properly flighty but also engaging Jenny, and the little girl who plays her as a child (Hanna Hall) is a stunner. Sally Field is inoffensive as Forrest's illegitimate mom, which, given the nature of the part, is no mean achievement. Gary Sinise and Mykelti Williamson do decently by supporting roles of limited interest. The winner, hands down, is technology (some very expensive stuff such as the choreographed flight of a

feather), which can be a lot of things, but is rarely heartwarming. Yet that is what the movie strives to be. It emerges, rather like its hero, idiot-savantish.



■ That is still better than *True Lies*, which, as the title indicates, also dabbles in paradox. Arnold Schwarzenegger pretends to be a dull computer salesman to his bored wife, Jamie Lee Curtis, who pre-

tends to be a dull legal secretary. Their daughter is an odious brat played by an obnoxious actress, and about that at least there is no pretense. In reality, Mr. Schwarzenegger is one of Washington's superspies, in charge of thwarting a powerful gang of Arab terrorists (more like a nation than a gang), the Crimson Jihad, from blowing up American cities with stolen warheads. Miss Curtis is in reality so fed up with her absentee husband ("sales conventions" and such) that she has started a proto-affair with a used-car salesman who, to get his victims excited, elaborately pretends to be a government spy. There is potential

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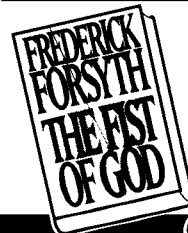
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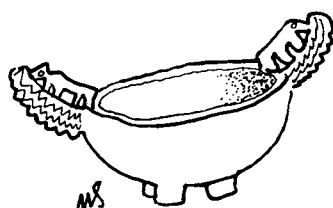
ironic humor in this, but the writer-director, James Cameron (*Aliens*, the *Terminator* movies), is not clever enough to exploit it.

Arnold S. has a wisecracking sidekick, played nimbly and wryly by Tom Arnold, who steals some of his thunder, even though the Austrian *Uebermensch* can do just about everything. He maneuvers a Harrier jet like a Shetland pony, can destroy a legion of heavily armed Arabs with a mere handgun, and is a master of numerous languages, as when a subtitle informs us that he is speaking perfect Arabic. Inasmuch as his English is closer to Kissinger's than to Barrymore's, his French about as French as French fries, that is one subtitle that leaves me skeptical.

The film is tripartite. Part one: violence galore. Part two: domestic drama, as Mr. Schwarzenegger discovers Miss Curtis's apparent infidelity, and first subjects the car salesman (Bill Paxton, a good actor humiliatingly cast) to tremendous abuse, then puts his wife through a couple of endless and debasing tests. When her innocence is established, she can join hubby as a spy junior grade. The film's misogyny is boundless, and is summed up in a tasteless rewrite of Byron's epigram: "Women—can't live with 'em, can't kill 'em," and the salesman's assonantal boast, "The 'vette gets 'em

wet." Part three: back to violence galore, with one of the Florida Keys blown away, and husband and wife's final clinch featuring an atomic explosion in the background, a fitting climax for a \$120-million venture.

Mr. Cameron's screenplay—a rewrite of the work of three others—steals from everywhere: James Bond, Hitchcock, even the *Superman* comics. It manages to be mildly amusing at times (Arnold Schwarzenegger on



horseback chasing the chief Arab on a motorcycle up to a luxury hotel's roof), but beyond the stunts its efforts are mostly stunted. One is hard put to enjoy even the performances, bolstered by 39 stunt-men and -women, and 4 stand-ins. But there is worse. The enemy here—ill-defined, all-purpose Arabs—is a bunch of gibbering idiots, playing with their expensive weaponry in Three Stooges fashion. I'd like to see one of the currently favored minorities portrayed as such a horde of self-destructors.

Far worse than mere violence is the dehumanization of Them to the benefit of invulnerable Us. The siren song the movie hums into the ears of the susceptible spectator is that They are total incompetents of whom one of Us, with a weapon readily obtainable in the street, can make instant mincemeat for his glory and profit. Not a commendable message. □

we are living in litigious times, and lawyers counsel, "Don't write it down."

But I do. I began the practice about 25 years ago. I was drunk and feeling the pangs of unrequited love, so I sat down and tried the following: "Dear X, There's a marvelous line in *Romeo and Juliet* when Romeo, having avenged Mercutio's death, is advised to flee Verona. 'But Heaven is here, where Juliet lives,' he cries. However sudden this may sound, this is how I've felt about you since the first moment I met you. Love, Taki."

To my great delight and surprise, it worked. Miss X saw me in a different light and things went smoothly for a while. After some time, I tried it again. On someone else, of course. Now before any of you cry foul, I don't think there's anything wrong with repeating love letters. It's the message that counts, not the wording. And the message is that one's in love. Some might say that repetition dilutes the meaning. But not for me. I have used what I refer to as the R-and-J letter countless times. About ten years ago I got caught and became the laughing stock of London.

Two girls were discussing yours truly, and one said that she thought I was a drunken playboy. "Yes, but he writes beautiful love letters," said the other. Then, as girls tend to do, they compared theirs. Only the name at the top had been changed. They both started to laugh, word got out, and people have been laughing at me ever since.

Women, far more than men, are the victims of the love letter's demise. They like to be wooed, and nothing is better for courtship than a love letter. Robert Browning won Elizabeth Barrett's heart through the written word, not the spoken one. Ironically, F. Scott Fitzgerald's love letters are not at all impressive. Poor Scott, was he too shy? But shyness should not inhibit anyone when writing. I guess Scott simply didn't know his way around women.

Some years ago, an Italian friend of mine living in New York asked me to help him write to a Hollywood actress he was pursuing. Knowing she was an idiot, I borrowed a bit, without credit, from Keats and Byron. My friend was really impressed. He thought I had genius in me. Later we went to a remote house in Tuscany, where books were unavailable, and he asked me to write a quick one for him, as the star was arriving in Rome. I wrote one of my own

DELECTATIONS

Love, Taki

TAKI

ONE of the great pleasures of my life is writing love letters. Especially when under the influence. When my London flat burned down five years ago, the few love epistles I've received in my life were reduced to cinders, and I considered that my greatest loss. The demise of the old-fashioned love letter is a loss romantics the world over—however few of us are left—will always mourn.

A love letter must be among the best

things in life. It costs the price of a stamp, it takes some effort and a little time, but the result can be everlasting. My late father was a great Casanova and connoisseur of the fairer sex, and used to turn out such letters effortlessly. He once admitted to a friend of his that the best love note he ever received simply stated, "I do love you." Love letters do not have to be long.

Alas, in the barbaric times we live in today, people prefer the world's most annoying instrument after television, the telephone. The intrusive contraption demands no concentration, and therefore no commitment. Mind you,

Taki Theodoracopulos, an NR contributor, is the author of Nothing to Declare (Atlantic Monthly Press).

creation, and he complained that it was good but not my best. They are no longer together, but it wasn't because of my poetry. Actually, she told him she preferred the one I'd written in Italy, without the Keats and Byron in it. Then and there I saw with perfect clarity what is wrong with Hollywood.

What is truly sad about the death of the love letter is that an entire aspect of romantic expression known to our grandparents has now vanished. Back in the good old days, people got to know each other through words rather than through deeds. Syntax rather than sex. Relationships were more stable as a result. Today, in a prurient society where people expose themselves in the most ludicrous manner, no one writes from the heart. When modern lovers send each other messages it is in the form of a greeting card, the picture being more important than the words scribbled behind it. Romantics of the world unite! We have nothing to lose but the price of a stamp.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

I Am Roe: My Life, Roe v. Wade, and Freedom of Choice, by Norma McCorvey with Andy Meisler (HarperCollins, 209 pp., \$23)

Poor Norma McCorvey. The "Jane Roe" of *Roe v. Wade* has gone public with her life story, and it's about as depressing a story as one can read (and is written, despite the aid of Andy Meisler, with the sophistication of an eighth-grade term paper). Norma grows up poor, uneducated, and abused. A brief marriage at 16 ends in more abuse and a baby girl, forcibly adopted by Norma's mother. She continues life as a drinking, drug-taking drifter, getting pregnant again twice. She gives the second baby up for adoption, and is desperate to get rid of the third when she meets Sarah Weddington, to whom she lies—so she can be used for Miss Weddington's planned court challenge to abortion laws—that the pregnancy is the result of a rape. She is used by Miss Weddington, who leads her to believe that the case will help her get an abortion (it doesn't), and who ignores her during the case and after. Mrs. McCorvey has now "come out" as Jane Roe, to get some attention, and perhaps to convince herself she is a

hero. The book is dedicated to the "Jane Does who died for Choice." Eerily, that could mean the millions of baby girls who have died since *Roe*.

—MARIE MCFADDEN

Two Steps Ahead of the Thought Police, by John Leo (Simon & Schuster, 320 pp., \$22)

JOHAN LEO, essayist at *U.S. News & World Report*, is that rare journalist who combines a reporter's eye with wit and clarity to produce often brilliant, always readable commentary. On one mega-issue—America's cultural freefall—his writing is unsurpassed. Which is why this collection of Mr. Leo's recent columns and essays should be required reading for anyone concerned with the *Kulturkampf*. Quotas, multiculturalism, victimhood, homosexual activism, PC, euphemistic journalism, feminism, Afrocentrism, speech codes, illegitimacy, abortion-on-demand: they're all here, targets—or rather, cannon fodder—for Mr. Leo's withering prose. One by one, he catalogues, unmasks, tweaks, and dispatches the cultural Left's many manifestations. But don't presume too much: Mr. Leo is conservative in leanings only. Beneath the skin he is still an old-style Democrat, and he throws the occasional brush-back pitch (such as "The Gingrich Who Stole Christmas"). Still, it's well worth digging into this lively and useful book.

—JACK FOWLER

Out of Focus: Network Television and the American Economy, by Burton Yale Pines with Timothy Lamer (Regnery, 326 pp., \$24)

PRACTICAL men, Keynes said, far from being the independent thinkers they believe they are, are usually the unwitting slaves of some defunct economist. Today Keynes would surely add TV journalists, from whom the average American receives 80 per cent of his economic information. *Out of Focus* does for TV viewers what *Consumer Reports* does for car buyers, exposing the recurring flaws in the reports of Ray Brady, Irving R. Levine, most of the CNN staff, and the like, while extolling the workmanship of John Stossel, Steven Aug, and ABC. One man's opinion? Hardly. Burton Yale Pines enlisted the monitoring facilities of the Media

Research Center to analyze virtually every economics and business story aired in 1992—69 hours of network programming. The vast bulk of what we saw that year was straightforward, factual, and a bit boring. The problem lies in the 12 hours devoted to economic "analysis." The American economy is overwhelmingly portrayed as a cruel game, full of fraud, bankruptcies, and ineptness, where white businessmen bilk consumers, who desperately need the protection of government. A more subtle, and thus far more dangerous, bias is that of most prime-time entertainment shows. Mr. Pines dissects their anti-capitalist themes brilliantly. But conspiracy theorists take note: the author does not think TV's leftist tilt is deliberate. Network executives certainly know that their profits depend on free enterprise, and those few reporters who are well trained in economics or who have first-hand knowledge of their subject matter usually get the story right. The problem—and the opportunity for the Left—is that most of the talking heads are economic illiterates.

—ED RUBENSTEIN

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LONG

(Continued from page 27)

imperialist. When my traveling companion and I returned to our room one afternoon, we found no fewer than ten employees: three making the beds, three in the bathroom stacking fresh towels, two rearranging the flowers, one staring slack-jawed at a music video on the TV, and the last transfixed and mystified by a small bottle of Kiehl's Men's Aftershave Moisturizer. They smiled and bowed and hung around looking busy until we tipped them.

In Mandalay, the former royal seat of the Kingdom of Burma, the private tour companies outnumber the government tour companies. In the mountain outpost of Maymyo, we encountered a "pharmacist and antique dealer" who gave us tea and a snack of fermented tea leaves with sesame and asked a lot of questions about the features and exact cost of my wristwatch. He offered a sackful of treasures in trade and never quite understood my polite refusals. "But I like my watch," I said.

"In Burma, we never see a watch

like that," he countered, "but you can buy one hundred such watches when you get back to America." While not a strictly accurate interpretation of my savings account, this was said with such innocence that I almost traded my watch then and there for a couple of scary figurines. It was my hard-headed traveling companion, an executive at Time Warner in Hong Kong and a Harvard MBA, who convinced me that the back of a pharmacist's shop was not the place for serious antiquing.

We stayed that night at the Candacraig Hotel, the old bachelor's mess of the Bombay Burma Company, and the owner insisted on serving us the traditional meal—"roasted beefs and Yorkshire puddings with potatoes"—which was a bargain at three packs of Triple 5 cigarettes. In the breathtaking ghost town of Pagan, the landscape is dotted with more than three thousand pagodas and shrines, some tiny and in ruins, others enormous and blazing white. Climb to the top of the largest, Thatbinyu Pagoda, and you can see the entire Pagan plain, from the banks of the Irrawaddy to the hills beyond. Spread out in front of you, glittering like a handful of tossed coins, are thousands of pagodas. And at the foot of each pagoda, barely perceptible in the hazy sunshine, is a rug. And on each rug sits a person. And each person is selling souvenirs.

You must remind yourself constantly that this is a country in distress, that a civil war is being waged on two fronts—both, of course, off limits to tourists—that a decent, Oxford-educated woman is being held captive by a brutal military dictatorship, and that, until very recently, these people were Commies. You must remind yourself of these things because nothing you see and no one you talk to will. The people you meet—ordinary people in the marketplace, at the monasteries, sitting in the evening shade, smoking cheroots—are cheerful and smiling. They talk freely with foreigners, criticize the government openly, and always, everywhere, try to make a little dough.

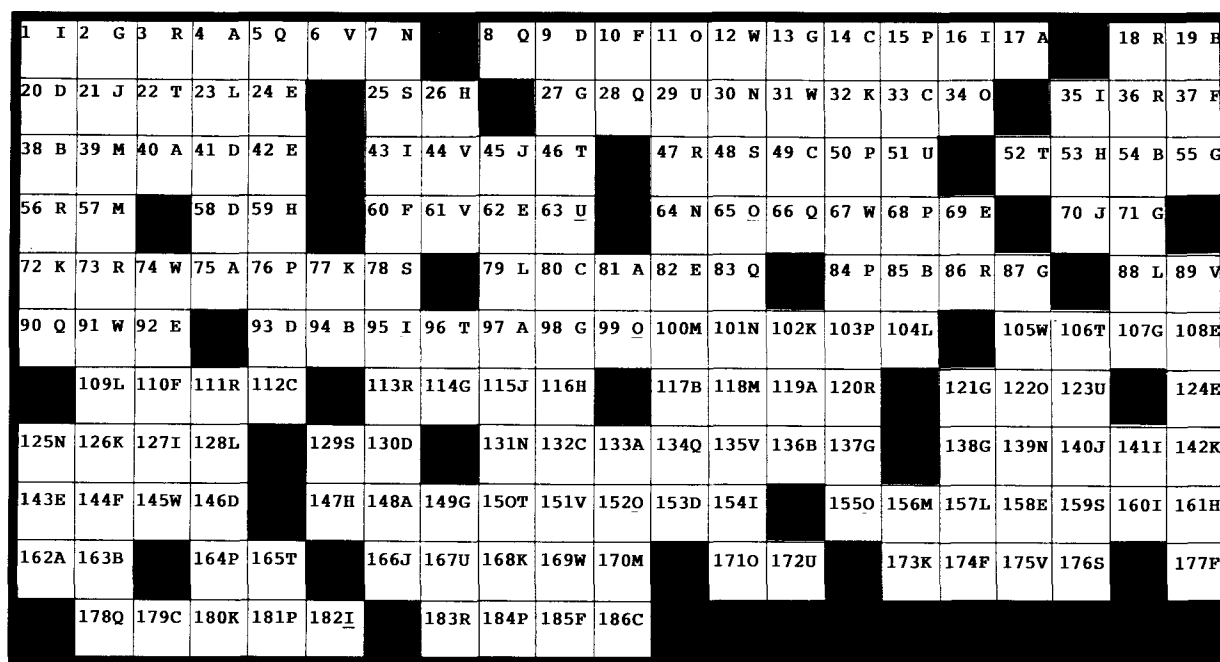
Here and there are a few indications that this is a dysfunctional nation: SLORC is big on slogans, some emblazoned on red billboards ("Our

Three Main Causes: Non-Disintegration of the Union—Our Cause! Non-Disintegration of National Solidarity—Our Cause! Non-Disintegration of National Sovereignty—Our Cause!") and some peppered through the radio on a program called, with admirable frankness, *Slogans*, which is broadcast between programs listed in the English-language paper as *Variations on a Tune* and *Portfolio for Easy Listening*. On television, in between episodes of failed American sitcoms, are reports from CNN, a smattering of slogans, and the weirdest program I've ever seen, *Dhamma Song in Honour of the Buddha's Tooth Relic*.

The new entrepreneurs of Burma are not party apparatchiks or university-educated elites. They are horse-cart drivers and lacquerware craftsmen, auto mechanics and fast-talking importers. They are, simply put, operators. They aren't prosperous, but they have something better: the hope of prosperity. In the government-sponsored English-language magazine *Today*, aimed at the business investor, SLORC comes surprisingly clean: Like other countries that embraced the socialist system, it explains, we wanted to attain accelerated economic growth coupled with equitable distribution of income. We did not reckon with the nature of *Homo sapiens*, which was, like that of other species, generally self-seeking and which tended to have no inclination to hard work without the promise of attractive rewards.

Strolling through Rangoon in the cool of the evening, you come across the Sule Pagoda, smack in the center of town. The after-work crowd throngs through, ambling along in the traditional clockwise path around the pagoda, stopping once or twice at a favorite Buddha image to pray. It is a typical Burmese scene: casual and collegial yet deeply religious. Then you see that around the head of each of the four large statues of the Buddha (one faces each of the cardinal points) is a series of garishly colored concentric circles in blinking neon. It's hard not to laugh, harder still not to marvel at how easily Rudyard Kipling is confounded: east may be east, and west may be west, but the twain shall meet, by the light of the neon Buddha. □

TRANS-O-GRAM/ Kem Putney



DEFINITIONS

- | | | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|--|----------------------------------|
| A. Fun | 4 119 17 162 148 133 97 75 81 40 | L. Autocrats | 109 128 23 79 157 88 104 |
| B. Powder room's predecessor | 136 54 117 85 94 38 163 19 | M. Certain cheer | 118 100 170 39 156 57 |
| C. Briers | 132 179 14 112 80 186 49 33 | N. Fencer's warning (2 words) | 125 139 30 131 64 7 101 |
| D. "Behold the man" | 41 93 153 9 146 58 20 130 | O. Pestors | 171 11 122 155 65 152 99 34 |
| E. Like Clinton's ship of state | 124 82 108 42 158 92 62 143 69 24 | P. Bon mot | 84 184 103 15 164 76 50 68 181 |
| F. Agra's masterpiece (2 words) | 37 177 60 10 144 110 174 185 | Q. Orient's partner | 28 178 66 5 8 90 134 83 |
| G. Smoker's favorite state? (2 words) | 149 71 55 87 114 27 138 13 2 107 | R. The pitcher, to the catcher, and vice versa | 183 73 47 113 111 3 120 18 86 56 |
| | 98 137 121 | S. Male teens | 78 25 159 129 48 176 |
| H. One kind of printing | 53 59 26 147 161 116 | T. Instigates | 52 106 46 22 165 150 96 |
| I. Camera part | 160 141 182 1 43 16 95 127 154 35 | U. Hard to get along with | 172 167 29 123 51 63 |
| J. "Give me _____" (some help) (2 words) | 115 21 166 45 70 140 | V. Worked in the cinema | 61 175 89 151 44 6 135 |
| K. Robert Louis Stevenson title | 77 180 142 102 126 173 72 32 168 | W. Shy | 31 169 145 91 12 67 74 105 |

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram. MADELEINE ALBRIGHT: *On D-Day*: "The reassuring lesson of D-Day is that a free people . . . can respond with boundless courage and nobility. The cautionary lesson is that any people, in the absence of a perceived clear and present danger, can fall into complacency."

Temporizing On Abortion

NEW YORK, JULY 29

Rudy Giuliani listened patiently at first, but he had heard the arguments about the politics of abortion. It was only when the questioner refined the point that the mayor's interest quickened. He had himself changed positions over the years, having been pro-life and then pro-choice, and he knew the pain of tergiversation, but like so many others, he concludes that to oppose abortion is politically more dangerous than to tolerate it.

But he was being pressed on a more particular point, namely that if the Republican Party were absolutely to repudiate its past position on abortion, as Governor Whitman of New Jersey and Governor Weld of Massachusetts urge, the repudiation would be greeted by the very large number of Americans who believe that a great principle is involved as something different from that temporizing that is inherent in democratic politics. The abolitionists could understand the Missouri Compromise and the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. They could not tolerate the *Dred Scott* decision.

The Republican plank on abortion in 1992 read as follows: "We believe the unborn child has a fundamental individual right to life that cannot be infringed. We therefore reaffirm our support for a human-life amendment to the Constitution, and we endorse legislation to make clear that the Fourteenth Amendment's protections apply to unborn children. We oppose using public revenues for abortion and will not fund organizations that advocate it. . . ."

Suppose that the 1996 plank were to read: "The Republican Party believes that life should be protected. We live, however, in a society in which there is no effective consensus on when it is that life actually begins.

"Accordingly, the Republican Party believes that the authority of the voters in individual states should be asserted, and that their position on abortion, rather than that of the courts, should prevail.

"The Republican Party would urge the voters in individual states to agree that

"—Clinics should not abort a fetus in a girl under the age of 16 until the child's mother has been consulted and alternative actions weighed over a period of at least one week.

"—Abortions should not be performed to expedite a mother's preference to give birth to children of a particular sex.

"—Abortions should not be performed as exercises of population control.

"—Abortions should not be performed in the final trimester, except when there are urgent medical reasons involving the health of the mother."

Now the disposition of the current Court is to reaffirm the basic "right" to abortion, as an aspect of the privacy of the individual. But, as in the *Casey* decision (1992), the Court appears to be tolerant of constraints on abortion, and in this respect reflects the public mood. Whatever the totalists believe on the subject, the heavy majority of Americans who do not wish to illegalize abortion, do not wish it to become the equivalent of a trip to a podiatrist to remove a callus. If the GOP were to adjust its plank from arguing for a constitutional Amendment, on over to a position that acknowledges the political consensus yet plants objections to an utterly unlicensed practice of a life-and-death procedure, the party would suffer disappointment from one wing of the public stopping short of disaffection, while earning the gratitude of the other, acknowledging the hard realities of democratic politics, which are that when you do not win, you settle for less.

Mayor Giuliani is an orderly man with

orderly thoughts, and one should not doubt that he has been tormented on the matter. Profound and inventive thought has been given to the question by philosophers of the Republican Party like William Kristol and William Bennett. They see themselves simultaneously as custodians of the tablets, and as merchants of political goods and services. They seek to do work in the marketplace, but to unburden in church.

Mayor Giuliani has taken some strikingly effective steps in the explosive politics of New York City, and he is gradually enlarging the constituency of those who think of him as more merely than a prosecutor become administrator. It matters nationally how he arrives at such compromises as always face societies uncertain about truths they sense are there, but do not apprehend, or wish to do so. □

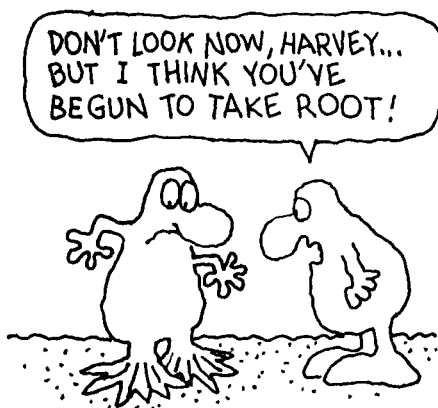
Haiti: The Basic Story

NEW YORK, AUGUST 2

A lone attempt by a columnist to avoid the subject of Haiti finally ends in capitulation. It can't be avoided, and accordingly one strips to the waist and trudges down to the infrastructure of our foreign policy. The basic propositions:

1. When Woodrow Wilson set out to make the world safe for democracy he was on a visionary high. The world he helped to create gave birth to Nazism and Communism. Democracy is worse than a laugh in Africa, it is a gruesome death cackle. Democracy in Latin America is about eight and a half weeks old and may yet not make it, as developments in Venezuela and Mexico suggest.

2. The incessant invocation of Grenada by those who wish us to move militarily against Haiti is grossly misapplied. There was a dominant reason for going into Grenada, namely to arrest what was more and more transparently a Soviet attempt to acquire working political control of the strategic island gateway to the Caribbean. Was there sufficient reason to go into Panama in 1989? No there was not—unless the Commander in Chief visualized a latent threat to the Panama Canal. Under the terms of our Panama treaty, any peril to the Canal becomes a U.S. responsibility, and it is the sole judgment of the United States whether such peril is posed. To the question: Did President Bush convincingly depict a threat to the Canal? the answer is: No. Accordingly, critics are justified in con-



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demning our venture into Panama. But our objective there was comparatively modest. It was to oust one dictator, not to introduce, or reintroduce, democracy into Panama. Panamanians don't much go in for democracy.

3. The glaringly relevant precedent for the current mess is 1965. That was the year that President Johnson sent the Marines to Santo Domingo. They landed in the eastern half of the island of Hispaniola because, once again, there was the threat of an important casualty in the world war we were fighting against the Soviet Union. We landed in Santo Domingo and, after a while, left, utterly ignoring the western half of Hispaniola, where Papa Doc ate at least as many innocent civilians for breakfast as his current incarnation, General Cédras.

4. When LBJ asked the Organization of American States to opine on our operation in the Dominican Republic the overwhelming majority of Latin American nations signaled their approval. This reflected not a hygienic concern for democracy, rather a fear of another Communist satellite shaped like Cuba's and waging terrorist wars against its neighbors. The approval by the UN Security Council of military action against Haiti is contemptible stuff. If the UN was making an ideological point in favor of democracy, why single out Haiti? There are many areas in the world achingly worse off in terms of human suffering, let alone democratic rectitude. What significant steps has the Security Council taken against the Serbs? Or, for that matter, against the Chinese? The Burmese? Against Zaïre? Against Algeria? Algeria in a democratic election voted for Muslim fundamentalists. The army took over, exit democracy. Enter the UN? Oh no. If General Cédras had planted a red flag in Haiti and proclaimed a Democratic Republic devoted to socialist realism and an end to monopoly/oligopoly, the UN would have frozen in inaction. It would have made zero difference if the Haitian junta had proceeded to march toward feudalism.

5. Which fundamental observations lead to a single conclusion, which is that the reason Haiti occupies our national attention isn't the wretchedness and cruelty of life there. These are evil banalities we coexist with because we do not have the international muscle Wilsonianism presupposes. We are swamped with the Haitian question because Bill Clinton made it a national question—with his brummagem screams and yells about democracy. President Clinton had finally located a country small enough to swell his biceps in indig-

nation. To be sure, the muscles collapsed when he sent sea scouts into the harbor of Port-au-Prince, where they were impolitely told by a few Haitian stiffies to get out of town. Mr. Clinton found that humiliating. But what then mobilized wasn't so much the U.S. military as the Black Caucus; so that on a typical night of inveighing on TV we get such as Congressman Major Owens denouncing as "racist" Senator Richard Lugar's statement that many Americans do not believe an incursion into Haiti worth "one drop of American blood." Mr. Clinton has really made a most awful mess of things. □

The Focus Again: Children

NEW YORK, JULY 19

The recommendation by an august official of the National Education Association to expel students who arrive at school with their armory of weapons is a healthy sign, from quarters not given to healthy pronouncements. The NEA is the bureaucratic infrastructure of poor education at high cost. It is also associated with a kind of see-no-evil, hear-no-evil social egalitarianism that graduates illiterates and bores to death many of those who are capable of advanced work. One has to hope that the declaration on the matter of guns at school is a harbinger of a different attitude toward children, inasmuch as present practices are producing a lot of unsatisfactory and unsatisfied Americans.

The principal formal problem is of course the single-parent household, and enough has been said on the subject to permit introducing it as an ipsedixitism. To say that single-parenting is harmful is no more taxing an exercise than declaring that Nazism is unwelcome. But there are other factors that are here and there noticed. There is, for instance, a general movement to increase the number of hours students spend in school. Using rough figures, American children spend 180 days in school compared to 240 for Japanese children. It is safe to say that the difference shows.

A related problem is that the average American schoolchild spends less than one hour a day doing homework, and three to five hours watching television.

Now to regulate time spent watching television is enormously difficult. Years ago, as the father of a growing boy, I wondered out loud why someone didn't invent a device that might be implanted

into the family television set and allow the father to ration the number of minutes per day the child could turn the set on. Well, such a gadget has been invented, but it is not widely used. The principal obstacle to home discipline on this matter is the availability of television elsewhere. Johnny, whose time at the set is rationed, develops huge social appetites to go and visit Jim down the street, whose television is unregulated. Moreover, with the large majority of mothers away at work there isn't anybody in the house to turn off the television and to direct the child to a book or to his homework.

So now we are going to tell the students (13 per cent of them last year) who arrive in school with a pistol or a knife that it is an expellable offense. Then what? Then, we are advised by the NEA spokesman, they will go off to different schools, in which discipline is tighter. Presumably these are to be in the nature of reformatories, or perhaps waystations to reformatories. After one year of good behavior, you re-enter your old high school. In the event of one year of misbehavior, you move on to a formal reformatory; and so on. How are you disciplined in these progressively stricter schools? Deprived of access to a television set? Locked into a study hall? Punished corporally for aggressive conduct against teachers or fellow students?

It is an unrejectable syllogism that "Who says A, must say B." If the concentrated will of the American people is that children shall be socialized, which is to say, graduated from the natural savagery of the undomesticated, to self-regulated, literate, well-mannered citizenship, then the appropriate means to that end have to be taken. It is a jolly good beginning to resolve that students will no longer be permitted to bring their six-shooters to class in the morning. But the objective surely is to take it from there, and this requires a certain amount of stick to be sure, but also a carrot more appetizing than that which shows up on their television screens, and that is the enduring challenge.

It is met, proverbially, by the fine teacher who ignites the imagination. Such as they are reinforced by parents who care deeply and who transmit, as legendarily Jewish parents do, a love of learning. But the critical teachers these days are the students' peers. And they need to be mobilized, and the principal instruments for doing this are rewards tangible and intangible and the occasional land mine of pleasure given from the discovery of their own resources. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

Gathering Moss?

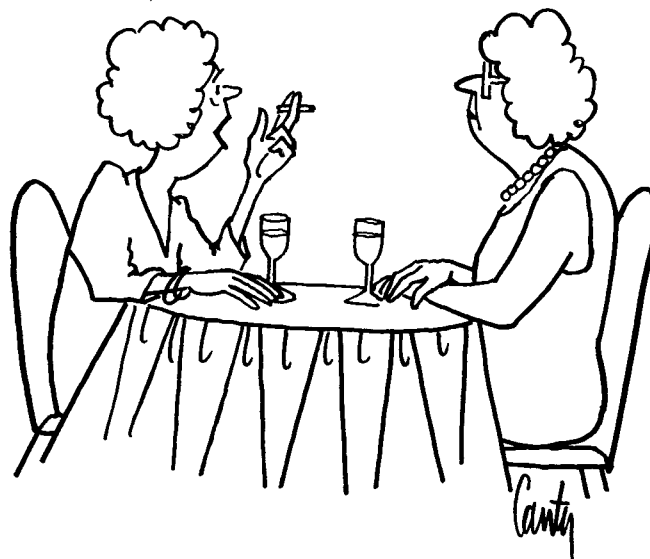
THIRTY years ago, in my grade school, there were Stones guys and Beatles guys. My third-grade class was riven accordingly. Note, please, that we were not Beatles or Stones *fans*—the sense of identity ran much deeper than musical taste. Whether you were a Stones guy or a Beatles guy determined your essence. We all wore the same madras short-sleeved shirts, the same khakis and sneakers; we all, that is to say, wore what our mothers told us to wear. But inside—in the roiling depths of the soul, where attitudes toward homework and teachers, smoking and girls take shape—a Stones guy and a Beatles guy were like the Sharks and the Jets, oil and water, Mensheviks and Lennonists.

Of course some kids claimed to admire the Stones and the Beatles equally; and both sides, then as now, despised these little Gergens of the time. The rest of us were separated by an unbridgeable divide: the Beatlites tending toward reading classes and the boys' chorus, where we squirmed through fruity recitals while our parents beamed; the Stoneheads toward shop class, where they made shivs. I myself was a Beatles guy, as you'd expect of a future writer for NATIONAL REVIEW. It seemed at the time a bad bet, for by, say, 1966, the Beatles were already established as the *ancien régime*, the preference of mossbacks, and the Stones as the Jacobins (or Jaggerbins, to continue the lame puns).

This was partly the fault of our parents. After the initial Ed Sullivan-induced shock wore off, many American parents grew to like the Beatles. My own mother offered to buy me the single of "Yesterday." *She thought it*

was pretty. What could be more embarrassing? The eruption of the Stones forced parents into the realization that the New Age would offer pop stars much worse than the mop-topped, suit-clad Beatles: here was a band with even unrulier hair, even sallow complexion, even bigger, more menacing lips. "Would you let your daughter marry a Rolling Stone?" was a famous tagline. The reasonable parent's answer, of course, was, Hell no. This guaranteed that the cutest girls wanted to marry one, which meant, in turn, that the hippest guys ached to be one.

In time I succumbed, and became a fan. The Stones outlived the Beatles, after all, and no lover of rock-and-roll could resist the guttural come-hither of "Honky Tonk Women" or "Jumpin' Jack Flash." What disconcerts me, as I review these generation-old memories, is that the Stones are with us still. *Still!* As you read this, the band is on the road, playing amphitheaters in the heat, plugging a new album, called *Voodoo Lounge*. Meanwhile, the Stones' drummer, Charlie Watts, is bumping 60. Keith Richards is on his third or fourth full-body blood transplant. Mick Jagger is a grandfather (and a sunshiney gramps he is, too, I'll bet).



"At my age, younger men are in because older men are dead!"

Can we get the jokes out of the way right now? The girls will toss Depends on stage instead of their panties. The groupies will place a cup by the bed, for their dentures. And imagine the backstage parties, with Mick and Keith doing Geritol shooters. Fine. Hilarious. The more wheelchair jokes the better. But what about the rest of us? How do the Stones expect us to respond to this Peter Pan antic, a quarter-century after their peak? For myself, I refused to sweat out a concert in the middle of a football field, shank to damp flank with fleshy teenagers in black T-shirts. But I did bring myself to buy their album.

I AM SORRY I did. I hadn't bought a Stones album since 1975, and the first thing I noticed when I opened up the cover art of *Voodoo Lounge* was that the fellows aren't looking so great. Can middle-aged men get anorexia? More to the point, can music be described as anorexic? Every Stones trademark from my youth is here: the Satanic affectations, the salacious lyrics, Mick's slobbering elocution. The songs may be wonderful, thrilling some 1990s kid as the Stones thrilled my classmates a generation ago. I wouldn't know. As I enter middle age I'm less susceptible to thrills. I can tell you, though, that I seemed to hear a recurring question, humming *sotto voce* beneath every riff: "Aren't you a little old to be doing this?" In the living room of my suburban house, mortgaged to my teeth, I couldn't tell whether the question was directed at me or the Stones.

"Who wants to be a 30-year-old Beatle?" the Beatles used to say, and true to their word they never were; the band broke up when the oldest member, John Lennon, was still 29. Lennon even had the good grace to die at age 40, though admittedly he didn't have much say in the matter. In any case, I like to think their early retirement validated the wisdom of being a Beatles guy. The Beatles, by ending the Beatles, let us grow up. "What a drag it is getting old," sang the Stones, in 1966. But we Beatles guys learned to live with it.

—ANDREW FERGUSON

Mr. Ferguson is a senior writer for The Washingtonian.

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